* Jan. 4. 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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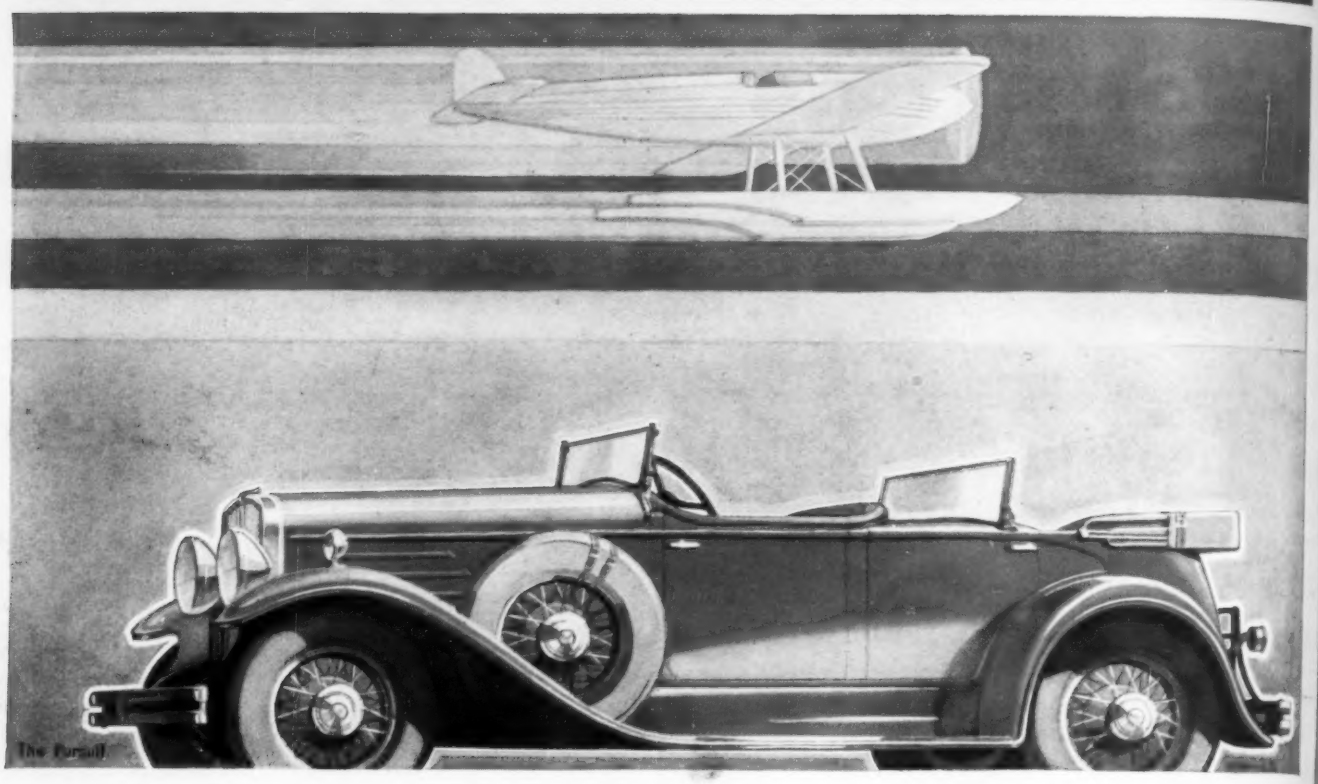

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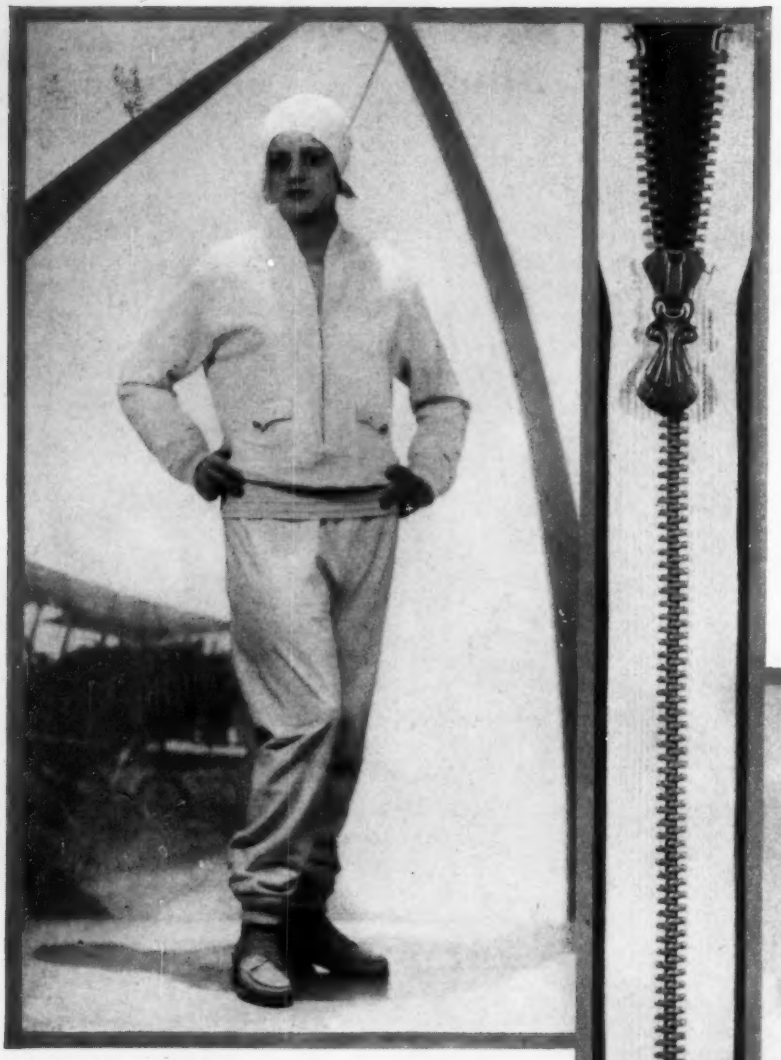

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The suit for southern flying, above, is of white chamois and jersey. Both the bloused jacket and the trousers are closed with Talon Slide Fasteners.

The five-piece skiing costume, right, is developed in yellow chamois and jersey. Jacket, skirt, and close-fitting trunks are all Talon fastened.

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 46, January 4, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard in something for people who like a certain delicacy in their spook plays. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Masque, 45, W.)

BROKEN DISHES—The revolt of the Male made into a stirring upheaval by Donald Meek. (Ritz, 48, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—A light and highly unimportant comedy based on the old one about a valet masquerading as his master and a maid as her mistress. Delightful performances by Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen, and Ernest Glendinning, however, make a pleasant evening of it. (Empire, B'way at 40).

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eves., Jan. 3 and 10.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Jan. 4 and 11.) . . . "La Locandiera," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 4.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's beautiful play. (Mon. and Wed. Eves., Jan. 6 and 8.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Jacob Ben-Ami in Tolstoi's drama. (Tues. Eve., Jan. 7; Thurs. Mat., Jan. 9.) . . . "The Cradle Song," smiles through the tears. (Thurs. Eve., Jan. 9.) . . . "Inheritors," by Susan Glaspell. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 11.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—One of the serious plays of the season to be marked "important." Arthur Byron is superb as a district attorney who is the agent for the unyielding forces of the Law. (National, 41, W.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale in a macabre account of what Death might do on his day off. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

GAMBLING—Murder mystery by George M. Cohan, with George M. Cohan and, thanks to George M. Cohan, much better entertainment than it deserves to be. Last performances. (Fulton, 46, W. Mat. Fri. Closes Sat., Jan. 4.)

HALF GODS—Sidney Howard's story of the wife who wanted Self-Expression. A sorry example of what writing for the movies will do for a good playwright. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

INSPECTOR KENNEDY—William Hodge using his accustomed aplomb in ferreting out a fairly dull murder. (Bijou, 45, W.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Fri. and Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The music-publishing business used as a background for some of the loudest laughs to be heard in this, or any, theatrical district. Try and get in. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

MANY WATERS—Pleasantly sentimental play designed to show that even the most humdrum lives have romance in them. Ernest Truex is in it. Last two days. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Fri. Closes Sat., Jan. 4.)

METEOR—The Theatre Guild's first interesting play of the season. Alfred Lunt as a superman who keeps the pitcher from the well once too often, with Lynn Fontanne as his wife. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Not exactly a murder, and certainly not a mystery, but a murder mystery in A. A. Milne's best vein. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Fri. 2:40 P.M.)

SALT WATER—Frank Craven in a very nice little play about a sea captain who got stuck with a ferry. (Golden, 58, E.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—Even if you saw this when first produced, it won't do you any harm to take this chance to see William Gillette again. Last two days. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M. Closes Sat., Jan. 4.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 11]

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A subway train as the scene of a trick murder. And, what is more, you get a seat. (Liberty, 42, W.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN TOYLAND—Another popular Victor Herbert revival. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Fri. May Close Sat., Jan. 4.)

BITTER SWEET—Noel Coward's pretty "operette" with no harm done to anyone. By now you must know that Evelyn Laye is in it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of Earl Carroll's shows. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Raw but riotous adventures of our countrymen in Paris, with Cole Porter's score and a cast headed by William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Mr. White misses some of his old boys and girls this year, but Willie Howard and Frances Williams are still there. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HEADS UP!—Good Broadway musical show of a period we all know. Plenty of laughs from Victor Moore, with a Rodgers-and-Hart score in the hands of Jack Whiting, Barbara Newberry, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—This intimate revue seems to be getting more and more popular as the season wears on. And why not? Libby Holman, Fred Allen, and Clifton Webb are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ROBIN HOOD—Last two days of the revival of the DeKoven operetta. (Casino, B'way at 39. Closes Sat., Jan. 4.)

SONS O' GUNS—A big, new musical, with the incomparable Jack Donahue, and Lily Damita. (Imperial, 45, W. Extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 3.)

SWEET ADELINE—The days of the Spanish American War made into an entertaining vehicle for Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and others. The score is by Jerome Kern. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

TOP SPEED—Regulation musical comedy, this time with the race between speedboats. Irene Delroy, Lester Allen, and Paul Frawley are in it. (46th Street, 46, W.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" score making all other Viennese attempts sound like nothing at all. (Majestic, 44, W.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show that is a full evening's entertainment. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Mon. and Thurs. at 8:50. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:50.)

FRED KEATING AND ALBERT CARROLL—In a joint recital of magic and impersonations. (49th Street, 49, W. Fri. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 3 and 4, at 8:50. Mat. Sat. at 2:50.)

VAUDEVILLE—Estelle Taylor, Charles Ruggles, and Al Trahan are at the Palace Fri., Jan. 3. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS—A play by Edwin Justus Mayer, with Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis. Opens Mon., Jan. 6. (Biltmore, 47, W. 8:50 P.M.)

WATERLOO BRIDGE—A new play by Robert E. Sherwood, with Glenn Hunter and June Walker. Opens Mon., Jan. 6. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—St. John Ervine's comedy, with Grace George and A. E. Matthews. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Charles B. Cochran's London revue, music and lyrics by Cole Porter, with Jack Buchanan. (Selwyn, 42, W. Extra Mat. Fri., Jan. 3.)

FOR CHILDREN

HECKSCHER THEATRE—The Juvenile Players in "Racketty Packetty House," Sat. Aft., Jan. 4. . . . "Rip Van Winkle," Sat. Aft., Jan. 11. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

TATTERMAN MARIONETTES—Fri. and Sat., Jan. 3 and 4, at 10:45 A.M. and 2:45 P.M. (Lenox Little Theatre, 52 E. 78.)

THE TEMPEST—Shakespeare's play presented by the children of the King-Coit School: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 3 and 4, at 3:30. (Garrick, 35, E.)

TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES—"Rip Van Winkle," Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 3 and 4, at 3. . . . "The Stolen Princess," Sat. Morn., Jan. 4, at 11. (Assembly, 39, E.)

DANCE RECITALS

RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN—Last of a series of recitals: Sat., Jan. 4, at 2:45 and 8:50 P.M. (Forrest, 49, W.)

DANCE REPERTORY THEATRE—A week of recitals by a group of prominent American dancers: Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and Tamiris—Joint program, Sun. Eve., Jan. 5 and Sat. Aft., Jan. 11; Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Jan. 6 and 9; Tamiris, Tues. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 7 and 10; Martha Graham, Wed. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 8 and 11. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue refinement, but not to the dull point.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Beatrice Lillie returns Fri. Eve., Jan. 3; Moss and Fontana continue. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Emil Coleman's orchestra and dancing by Murphy and Johnson. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where

(Continued on page 6)

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(Continued from page 4)

you may find Harry Richman, back from Hollywood, Irene Bordoni, and Abe Lyman's orchestra.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), with Ruth Etting, Rosita and Ramon, Harry Rosenthal and his orchestra.* . . . The Yacht Club, 117 W. 48, has Chick Endor and the original Yacht Club Boys. . . . Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, with Florence of the old Chez Florence.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusing new place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, features Jack Powell, the remarkable trap-drummer. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Russiana, 44th Street Theatre Bldg., 44, W. of B'way, has an amusing show, with Kosloff of the old Katinka presiding. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is gay and attractive. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

DEVIL MAY CARE—Ramon Novarro singing vigorously in a romantic tale of Napoleon's time. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GENERAL CRACK—Only for the more loyal devotees of John Barrymore. An eighteenth-century costume piece. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE LOVE PARADE—Amusing nonsense, with numerous songs and Chevalier. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND—Jules Verne on the screen, and also Lionel Barrymore. All in color, but part silent. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 9 and 10; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

SALLY—Marilyn Miller dancing about charmingly in a somewhat too weighty musical show. All in color. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE SKY HAWK—Those air-raid nights in London in vivid pictures. With Helen Chandler. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE TRESPASSER—Gloria Swanson as a Chicago stenographer who finds a rich marriage has many problems. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 4-6; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; starting Sat., Jan. 11.)

THE VIRGINIAN—The famous old best-seller of Wyoming life, with Gary Cooper. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Applause," Helen Morgan portraying an unhappy lady of burlesque in a fine tragic picture; "Condemned," love makes Devil's Island into a sort of Riviera, with Ronald Colman; "Gold Diggers of Broadway," bright and amusing musical show about the ladies of Broadway and their victims of Wall Street; "Hollywood Revue," a lavish and extensive musical revue with a regiment of stars; "Show of Shows," big splashy mixed grill; "The Taming of the Shrew," Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in a polite and deft version of Shakespeare's play.

ART

AMERICANS—At least ten of our best painters in a show of nineteen selected by ballot. One room worth your visit and cheers: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BEGINNERS—Third show of the young men and women who hope and aspire. Chosen by Eugene Speicher: Opportunity Gallery, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT—Not steamer baskets, but anything for a name. Fine collection of modern French, with a few of the home talent sneaking in under the tent: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRIESZ—A representative showing of one of the popular painters: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

KISLING—One of the clever boys who has a following: Balzac, 40 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARIN—The great American painter. Stieglitz's first show in his new quarters: Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MATISSE—Stunning late examples of the great French colorist: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat. Jan. 4.

STUDIO BITS—Water colors and drawings. Small masterpieces by some of the best French and some of the lesser lights: de Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 11]

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

YEHUDI MENUHIN—The first of recent Wunderkinder. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 3.

ROLAND HAYES—Much vocal artistry. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 5.

KATHERINE BACON—Expert pianism. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 5.

FRIEDA HEMPEL—One of the celebrated sopranos returns to sing songs. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 5.

PRO MUSICA SOCIETY—Compositions by Serge Prokofieff, with the composer at the piano and Nina Koshetz as vocal soloist. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 6.

FLORENCE AUSTRAL AND JOHN AMADIO—A foremost dramatic soprano in recital, with flute contributions by an accomplished performer. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 6.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—The only mixed string quartet and one of the best, mixed or unmixed. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 7.

MISCHA ELMAN—Once a prodigy, now still a celebrity, always worth hearing. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 11.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Jan. 3, at 2:30; Fri. Eve., Jan. 10, at 8:30 (Pension Fund Concert). . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Jan. 11, at 11 (Children's Concert).

CONDUCTORLESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Nobody conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 4.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Jan. 5, at 4.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Jan. 5, at 9.

BANKS GLEE CLUB—Huhn conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 8.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 9; Fri. Aft., Jan. 10, at 2:30 (Benefit Concert); and Sat. Aft., Jan. 11, at 2:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Die Meistersinger," Fri. Eve., Jan. 3, at 7:45; "Tosca," Sat. Aft., Jan. 4, at 2; "Romeo et Juliette," Sat. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY—At the Casino Theatre, B'way at 39: "Faust," Mon. Eve., Jan. 6; "Madame Butterfly," Tues. Eve., Jan. 7, and Sat. Eve., Jan. 11; "Yolanda of Cyprus" (première), Wed. Eve., Jan. 8, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 11; "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 9; "Marriage of Figaro," Fri. Eve., Jan. 10.

ON THE AIR

BOXING—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Jan. 3 and 10, at 9:30, over WMCA.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Jan. 4 and 11, at 9, over WEAF.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Jan. 4 and 11, at 9:30, over WABC.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Jan. 5, at 3:15 P.M., over WOR. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat., Jan. 11, at 11 A.M., over WOR.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Geisha," Sun., Jan. 5, at 4 P.M., over WJZ.

JOSÉ ITURBI—The distinguished Spanish pianist: Sun., Jan. 5, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

AÏDA DONINELLI—Soprano, with Arbos conducting orchestra: Sun., Jan. 5, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

HOCKEY—N. Y. Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, from Madison Square Garden: Sun., Jan. 5, at 10 P.M., over WMCA.

FRANCES ALDA—Soprano soloist: Tues., Jan. 7, at 8:30 P.M., over WJZ.

IRENE BORDONI—Musical comedy star, with Rudy Vallée and his orchestra: Thurs., Jan. 9, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—"La Traviata," Thurs., Jan. 9, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Maxie Rosenbloom vs. Leo Lomski, Fri. Eve., Jan 3; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

AMATEUR HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden: Yale vs. Toronto, Sat. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8:45.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Eve., Jan. 5. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Jan. 7. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Montreal Maroons, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 9.

OTHER EVENTS

AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The big annual display: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Opens Sat., Jan. 4, at 2:30 P.M.; weekdays thereafter, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 11.

ICE CARNIVAL—"In the Land of the Midnight Sun." Madison Square Garden, Mon. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:30.

PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB SHOW—"The Golden Dog." Metropolitan Opera House, Tues. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:15.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc.—The Philip Flayderman collection of Colonial furniture, decorations, silver, glassware, and historical relics: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 3 and 4, at 2:15. . . . Book collection of Albert B. Ashforth, Jr., mainly works of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries: Tues. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:15. . . . Paintings from the Francis L. Higginson collection: Wed. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:15. . . . The Solton Engel collection of Rudyard Kipling first editions: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 9, at 8:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Bouts at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 10, 17, 24, and 31.

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club Show, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 10-12.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden every Sun., Tues., and Thurs. Eve., through Mar. 15.

MUSIC—Orchestras: Philharmonic Symphony, Mengelberg conducting, through Jan. 19; Molinari conducting, Jan. 20-Feb. 23. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Gabrilowitsch conducting, Jan. 14 and 28, Feb. 11 and 25. . . . Important recitals: Josef Hofmann, Jan. 12; Jascha Heifetz, Jan. 21; Sophie Braslau, Jan. 22; Albert Spalding, Jan. 26; Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, Feb. 4. (All at Carnegie Hall.)

PUBLIC BALLS—Bal Guignol, Ritz-Carlton, Jan. 17. . . . The Greenwich Village Ball, Webster Hall, Jan. 17. . . . Beaux Arts Ball, costumes of the French and Italian Renaissance, Hotel Astor, Jan. 24.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Strike Up the Band," with Clark and McCullough, and George Gershwin music: Times Square, Jan. 13. . . . "She Got Away with Murder," a comedy with Fay Bainter: Jan. 13. . . . "When Hell Froze," a play by Wilbur Daniel Steele and Norma Mitchell, with Helen MacKellar: Jan. 13. . . . "Dishonored Lady," a play by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon, with Katharine Cornell: Empire, Feb. 3.

OTHER DATES—Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 17-25. . . . Aviation Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 7-15.

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STEWART
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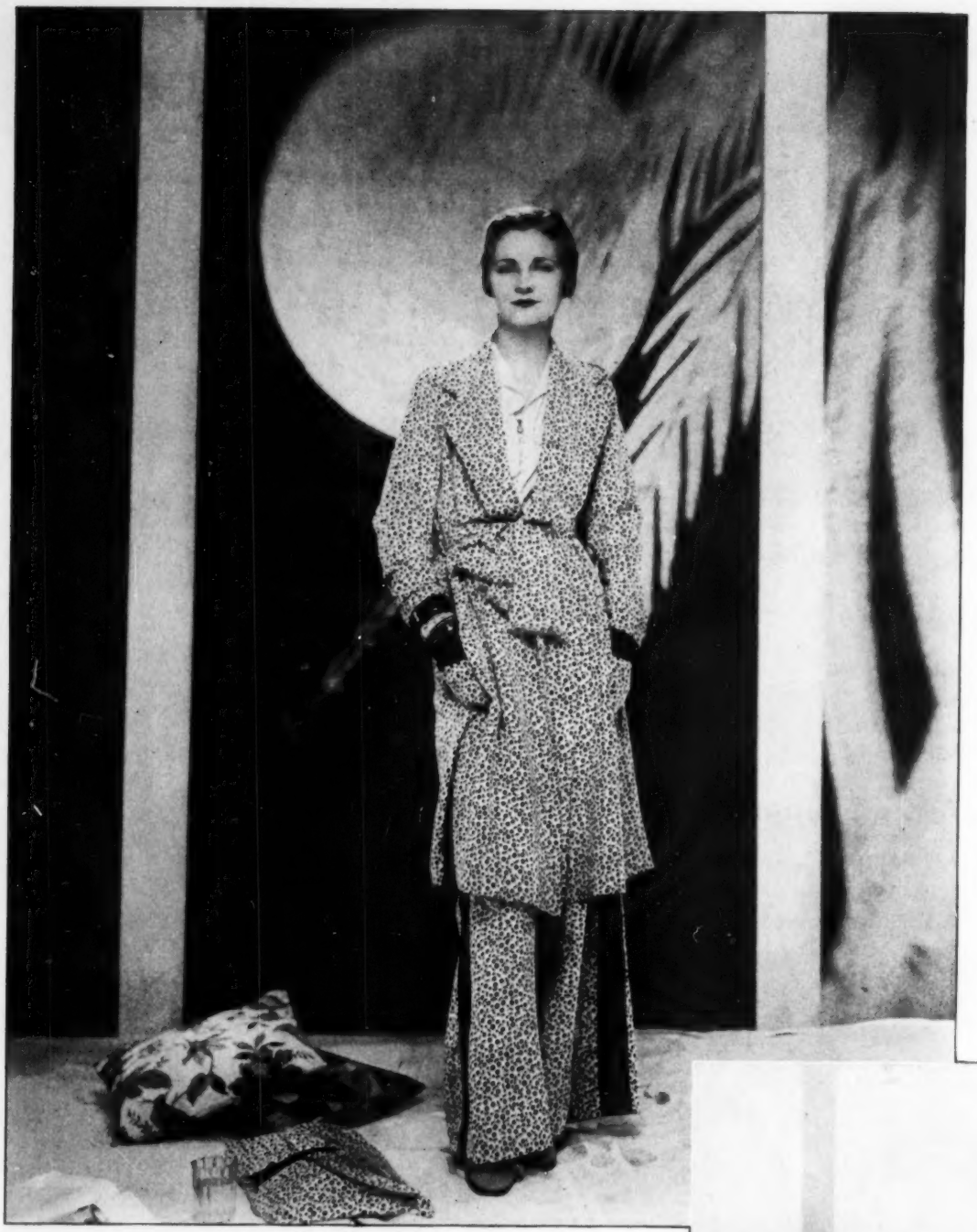

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"STEHLI HAS A SWELL STRIPED SHIRTING SILK WITH A DULL FINISH FOR SPORTS," CHEERS A NEW YORKER WITH NINE LONG S'S . . . IN ONE OF HER MORE SIBILANT REPORTS UPON FEMININE FASHIONS. IT'S ON SALE AT BEST'S, SO THERE'S NOT MUCH TO ADD EXCEPT THIS: YOU CAN WRITE US DIRECT IF YOU LISP.

Stehli Silks

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Eight Moderns for One's Cruise Wardrobe

(1) the persian brocade evening sandal, banded with gold and silver kid. (candlelight) 22.50. a bag to match . . . 22.50

(2) the pump of *paysanne* hand-blocked cotton (red print on white, or brown on beige). with parchment kid heel, 12.50. a little bag to match . . 8.50

(3) the *cranley* formal sports pump...white buck combined with polished tan or black calf. leather heel. 15.50

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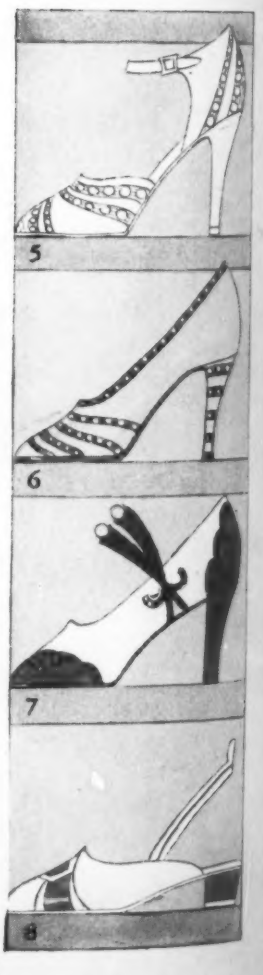
(7) the two-button pump for spectator sports . . . in white buckskin combined with tan calf, in scalloped pattern 22.50

(8) the pajama sandal...in parchment kid, combined with brown...also green or red 10.50



Saks-Fifth Avenue

New York Palm Beach Chicago Miami

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LIFE now and then opens up with unsuspected vistas of the human animal as dizzying as if one stumbled through a sidewalk elevator and found oneself in medieval Europe or the Ice Age. This was brought home to us a day or two ago by a penny. It was the laundry deliveryman's penny. The laundry deliveryman is a native

of this town and has never been out of it. Its life has flowed clamorously about him for twenty-four hours a day since he was born. He lives in the Bronx. He reports for work downtown. His day is from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. In the morning he tries to doze in the subway. Going home he reads the news—that is, looks at the pictures in a tabloid. We made some casual remark to him about an odd penny of change, and that led for a moment to finances in general. We discovered that he did not know there had been a panic in Wall Street.

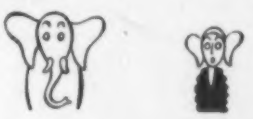
OVER a period of years we have gained the impression that, instead of being a great many débutantes, there

is really only one. Every day we see a picture of a débutante in the society pages, and although we used to imagine that the portrait changed from day to day, we now realize that it doesn't: it is the same girl. Her name is either Katrinka Suydam or Janet Stone, or some name like that—we forget. The guests at her party are also the same from day to day. To us the news about her has been extremely meagre. Here this girl has had her picture in the papers for years, with the list of guests at her party, and never once has any real news leaked out. Where did she "come out" from? What is she getting into? What funny or amusing or intelligent remark did she make during the course of the evening? Does she dance well or badly? What is her favorite book and when did she read it? As for the guests, in naming them tell which had a good time and which were bored. Any little item at all would help. We can't go on like this, living in the dark.

IT doesn't pay for us to go out of town. We went to Boston just before Christmas, always having heard how wonderful it would be to see Bea-

con Hill on Christmas Eve, when the candles were in the windows. Apparently the town knew we were coming and was laying for us. On the second afternoon we went ice-skating in the Public Gardens, and in the cool winter dusk with the green light from the Ritz shining in the clear sky, our shoes were stolen from under the bench where we left them. That left us on skates in Boston—on skates, in a strange city, alone, with night coming on. There was nothing to do but walk, in our stocking feet, to the Watch and Ward Society, where we gave ourself up. A thoroughly vindictive city, Boston! Candles in the windows, our eye!

WE'VE done our best to like the hats women are wearing. It hasn't got us very far. The curious side-flaps, or ears, on these hats are just one of the things that men can't appreciate. We are ashamed to mention



it, but we know a man who, in his cups, took to looking around him at the hats with ear-flaps, and came to the strange opinion that all women were elephants. The annoying and dangerous suspicion stayed with him for some hours. At first he was frightened to think that all women were elephants. Later he decided he just didn't care—an equally perilous condition.

QUITE the most charming bungalow in town is the new Starrett home in Fifth Avenue. We notice it mornings, riding our bus. The location is unique, Fifth between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth; and the outside elevation is attractive because of its almost severe simplicity. There seem to be three rooms and bath. The finish is gray with blue trim. Really, if the Starretts ever get tired of their job on the Waldorf, whatever they're doing there, we'd be ever so pleased to sublet the place for the winter, furnished or unfurnished. It looks to us like a great little home.

Free Verse

YOU can't tell any more how far a big corporation will go in Service. A young thing three winters out

of Smith confided to us Monday evening that, by way of seasonal greetings to a male friend in California, she had worked out something rather neat, beginning in verse and ending on a blue note, this: "Roses are red. Violets are blue. New Year is coming. Wish you were." She called Western Union and read off the message. Miss Western Union took it all down and then read it back again, giving it a surprisingly sympathetic rendition. Then she hesitated. "You wouldn't want to add another word, would you?" she suggested. "What I was thinking was, if you said, 'Wish you were, too,' why, that would rhyme with 'blue.'"

Sherlock

IF you saw one of the souvenir programs got out for William Gillette's final appearance as Sherlock Holmes, you probably read Mr. Frederick Dorr Steele's account of how he did the illustrations for the Conan Doyle stories, and thus brought into being the most widely known fictional character in the world. One interesting point Mr. Steele cleared up: Gillette's stage appearance as Holmes was made before Steele began drawing the great detective. Many thought Steele's conception came first. The fact is, Steele's conception was based on Gillette's stage portrayal of the character, although the artist never drew Gillette from life until a few weeks ago, when the actor sat for a portrait. This was, incidentally, the first time the two had met in twenty-five years. Steele worked from photographs of Gillette. He used at various times, however, two living models. One was Robert King and the other Frank B. Wilson, an actor who was once stage manager for Henry Irving. Both men had the lean figure and aquiline countenance described by Doyle in his stories. But even when these men were posing for him Steele always had photographs of Gillette beside him.

Steele illustrated his first Sherlock Holmes story in 1903. Prior to that several other artists had drawn Holmes —Sidney Paget in London and, over here, W. H. Hyde, who did the pictures for the Holmes series which ran in *Harper's* in the early nineties. Hyde conceived Holmes as a youngish, dressy man. It remained for Steele to make the character really striking, and once he had drawn Holmes he illustrated all but three of the thirty-two stories which Doyle wrote after 1903, the year Sherlock Holmes returned after his supposedly fatal fall over the cliff with Professor Moriarty. Doyle had thought he was finished with Sherlock Holmes forever. He believed the public was tired of the character and he, himself, wanted to turn to writing other things. The ruthless disposal of Holmes caused a world-wide public uproar, however. Among those who protested most effectively was Richard Harding Davis, who wrote a story in 1901 called "In the Fog," in which he made one of his characters yearn for the return of Holmes. This, they say, was the straw which determined Doyle to resurrect the detective.

Incomplete

THE following, from a man familiar with some of the small manufacturing places in Nassau Street, may explain a strange object you may or may not have seen in the shops during the holidays. One day a member of a firm which makes novelties rushed into his partner's office with the rough model of something he had just thought up. It was pretty complicated. "Look-it!" he said. "I got an inkwell, calendar, small clock, paper-weight, pencil-sharpener—see it! In back of the calendar—place for stamps. Nice, huh? And lookit, this bronze police dog is a fine decoration—and off comes his head for cigarettes." The other partner studied the contraption for a long time, with a troubled frown. "It's a superb number," he said; but he added sadly, "It lacks something. I don't know what but— Hah! I got it!" He pounded the table enthusiastically. "From somewhere should come music."

That's News

MR. CLARENCE MACKAY received a letter requesting his autograph

last week. The significant thing was that it came from Harold Lloyd, the movie star. Mr. Mackay was flattered, and immediately supplied it. He thinks the matter ended there, but for all we know the whole Order of Things is in process of being reversed.

Namesake

THE Hotel New Yorker, named after us, has finally opened up. We never formally granted our permission, but it's the second largest hotel in the world (the largest is the Stevens in Chicago) and there wasn't much we could do about it. Its letterhead is a lot like ours—same kind of type—but so, for that matter, is the cover of the new telephone directory. Things are getting out of hand. The public should merely try to remember that the hotel has no connection with us, and is forty-three stories high. It has an underground passage to the Penn Station, and has aluminum chairs in the ballroom. The president is Mr. Mack Kanner, a former dress-goods man, who was the pioneer in the movement, years ago, to get women to quit wearing shirtwaists and skirts. Mr. Kanner swung them over to dresses. One thing led to another and he now owns sixty-five million dollars' worth of property in the vicinity of Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and is naming the biggest hotel in the city after us.

We asked timidly who suggested calling the hotel the New Yorker, but nobody seemed to know. Apparently it was one of those cases where the name came to somebody in the night, as in a dream. All the shops in the neighborhood seem to be following the hotel's lead: we noticed the New Yorker bootblack emporium, and the New Yorker Spa—a drugstore serving a fifty-cent blue-plate special. There's also to be a cafeteria in Thirty-fifth Street named the New Yorker.

Our tour of inspection through the hotel (prior to its opening) was a nightmare. Most of the time we spent in the sub-basements, lost. Our guide finally leaned against a movable dish-conveyor and said: "I would like to show you the laundry, too, if I can find it." When at last we did stumble on it, it turned out to be as big as the waiting-room in the Grand Central. Unquestionably the mechanical equipment of the hotel is far bigger and dizzier than anything in town. There are, for instance, such little items as this—a Diesel engine costing two hundred thousand dollars, for use only in case the rest of the power plant should break down. (Now children, how many guests at three-fifty a night with bath will it take to pay for the Diesel engine?—and describe the engine.) The reason for the vast size of the power plant and the laundry and several other things is that Mr. Kanner has a plan up his sleeve to build other buildings nearby, and will use the hotel's mechanical facilities for these.

The confusion incidental to getting a hotel under way is hard to describe. We have memories of vast migrations of towels, lead pipes, carpets, beds, and people through the corridors. We remember finding the chef fifty feet below ground, hiding in a refrigerator vault, whittling a statue out of a cake of ice. And we recall seeing a battery of five girls being taught how to operate a battery of five special accounting machines (twenty-eight hundred dollars apiece, with extra tire) which itemize the guest's bill. In one of the private dining-rooms, the bellboys were assembled, being groomed for battle. On the sky terraces (rooms with sky terraces, twenty-five dollars a day) workmen were installing new flooring.

As we left, bewildered and full of paint spots, our guide threw after us a few parting words: " . . . a nine-room hospital, seventy-five thousand pieces of silverware, four hundred and fifty thousand pieces of linen, thirty-eight barbers, eighteen manicurists, ninety-five telephone operators, and twenty tons of . . ."

Disillusion

A TOY store in Eighth Avenue decided to have a Santa Claus for the late happy season, and hired one. The next day two little boys of the neighborhood wandered in, little rag-

PADDY'S MARKET 9TH AVE-42ND ST REGINALD MARSH

"Why should I dress up to see a show about a sea gull?"

• •

gedy fellows—we're going to break your heart—and began exclaiming over the toys. Suddenly up from behind a counter reared Santa Claus himself. "Psst! Hey, youse!" bawled Santa. "Both of ye—outside now! Beat it!" Life is like that.

Faint Praise

THE revival of ping-pong has run a long time now, but it wasn't until the other evening that it affected a giggly matron who, being pressed, finally accepted an invitation to play. She was pretty terrible, but stuck to the game, grimly. She knocked balls into the kitchen and hallway, dropped her paddle, and shrieked a lot. "Oh, I'm very bad at this," she remarked at last, "but I'm sure I'll improve, aren't you?" "Sure," said her suffering opponent. "In six months you ought to be mediocre."

The Other Hemingways

SUPPLEMENTING the recent *Profile* of Ernest Hemingway, a gentleman in Chicago has forwarded additional facts about the family. Ernest has four sisters and one brother, and all have artistic tendencies. Two of the girls are sculptors, one a pianist, the other promising as a writer, and the brother, aged fifteen, is a violinist. Like most good-sized families, the children have developed a set of customs and code words all their own. Ursula is never called by any other name than "Uralegs." Madeline is "Sunnybones," Carol "Beefish," and so on. Family friends and objects about the house also have their nicknames. Long ago on a flat stone before the living-room fireplace, each of the children inscribed his or her particular motto. All were so cabalistic, however, that now nobody is clear as to what they mean. Ernest's nickname has always been "Stein." He got it from a habit of adding that syllable as a suffix to the name of everything he liked. Similarly, he added "boykes" to everything he disliked. The town of Charlevoix, Michigan, was always Charlevoixboykes to him, and this, being so hard to pronounce, made him dislike the place even more. At christening none of the children was given a middle name, the idea of the parents being that they should choose their own when they got old enough. Ursula picked "Xerxes" for her middle name and Madeline took the letter "T," making a bad pun, oh, a very bad one: M. T.—Empty Hemingway. Possibly because of this Ernest never picked any middle name or initial.

Holiday Fruit Cake

ONE advertising agency in town happens to handle the accounts of two bakeries, and around Christmas and New Year's the situation gets pretty tense. Some treacherous rogue has smuggled us the following general memorandum (presented verbatim except for the substitution of fictitious names) which gives some idea of what it must mean to be torn between two loyalties:

"GENERAL MEMORANDUM—Our clients, the Occidental Baking Corporation and the Universal Baking Company, have been kind enough to offer their Holiday Fruit Cake to our organization at special prices. The Universal Baking Company's cake brand is Princess and the Occidental brand is Duchess. Both are packed in attractive metal containers and make appreciated Christmas gifts for friends. Samples of the Princess Fruit Cake, prices, and order forms, are on display on the seventh floor at Miss Moore's desk (orders must be in by Saturday) and for Duchess Fruit Cake, on the tenth floor at Miss Schacht's desk in the Occidental Unit offices. (Signed) Albert S. Zip."

Our spy reports that you could cut the air with a cake knife.

Coolidgeiana

ANOTHER Coolidge anecdote goes back to the days when he sat in the White House and his son was new at Amherst. Almost inevitably John joined his father's old fraternity. The initiation fee, it seems, was fifty dollars, which included the cost of a fraternity pin. He wrote his father about the situation and the letter apparently stirred old memories in the President's mind. John received a reply enclosing a fifty-dollar cheque and also his father's old fraternity pin, together with the suggestion that he wear

this and return his new pin and get a rebate or refund.

When Mr. Coolidge went back to Northampton he got out a supply of envelopes left over from the days before he left his old home to start on the road to the Presidency. These were regulation government-stamped envelopes and bore the instructions in the upper corner: "If not delivered in ten days return to Calvin Coolidge, Northampton, Mass." Beneath this was the union label of the printer, Local No. 26, who had put on the inscription. Some of these homely envelopes had been yellowed by the years, but Mr. Coolidge used them all up before getting a new supply—of plain stamped ones, also sold by the government.

Horse Savior

WHENEVER a horse collapses in the street, falls into a subway excavation, or leaps into the East River, Bill Ryan is summoned. Half the horses in town know him. He is driver of the horse ambulance for the S. P. C. A., and for eighteen years has ministered to fallen horses, many of which have risen and fallen no more.

Bill lives in a small room above the Society's garage at Twenty-fourth Street and Avenue A. Below is his ambulance, red and gold, which he built himself. At any hour of the day or night when a call comes, he seizes a revolver and a syringe and departs to the scene. It is said that he can handle horses when no one else can—in fires he is invaluable, and the Fire Department usually calls him when there is a fire in a stable. Last winter he got seventy-six horses out of a burning barn. It was a freezing day, so after the rescue Bill broke into a loft next door where counterpanes were stored, stole most of the counterpanes, put two on each horse, led them all to his garage, took all the cars out, and filled the place with horses. It was a lot of work, but he saved every animal. One Saturday night last July he attended a fire in a Greenwich Village boarding stable, where almost a hundred horses were trapped in the flames. When he arrived, only about half of them were still alive, but he led out forty-eight and stayed with the job until five o'clock the next afternoon. He personally constructed an emergency bridge so that he could lead the horses down from the second floor. Led them all down himself. The firemen were suspicious the bridge would break.

Horses admire Ryan because he puts a sheepskin lining on his halter so it won't chafe the nose, never uses damp blankets, and always drives quickly to the scene of an accident and slowly from it when a horse is in the ambulance. Considerate through and through. Horses often get azoturia—a sort of colic due to too much food. They usually get it on Monday, as a result of loafing on the Sabbath. Monday is known as Azoturia Day. Bill works hard, gives all animals stimulants by injection, and takes them to the hospital.

Ryan has fished literally hundreds of animals out of the East River—horses, dogs, an occasional steer. He has a derrick for doing this, and can throw a lariat pretty shrewdly if he has to. Only twice in his career has he really had to admit defeat. Once a horse fell in the river and got under a dock when the tide was rising. There was no way to save him and Ryan went out in a boat and killed him with a machine gun. Another time a horse fell two stories through a false floor, got wedged in an excavation, and had to be destroyed.

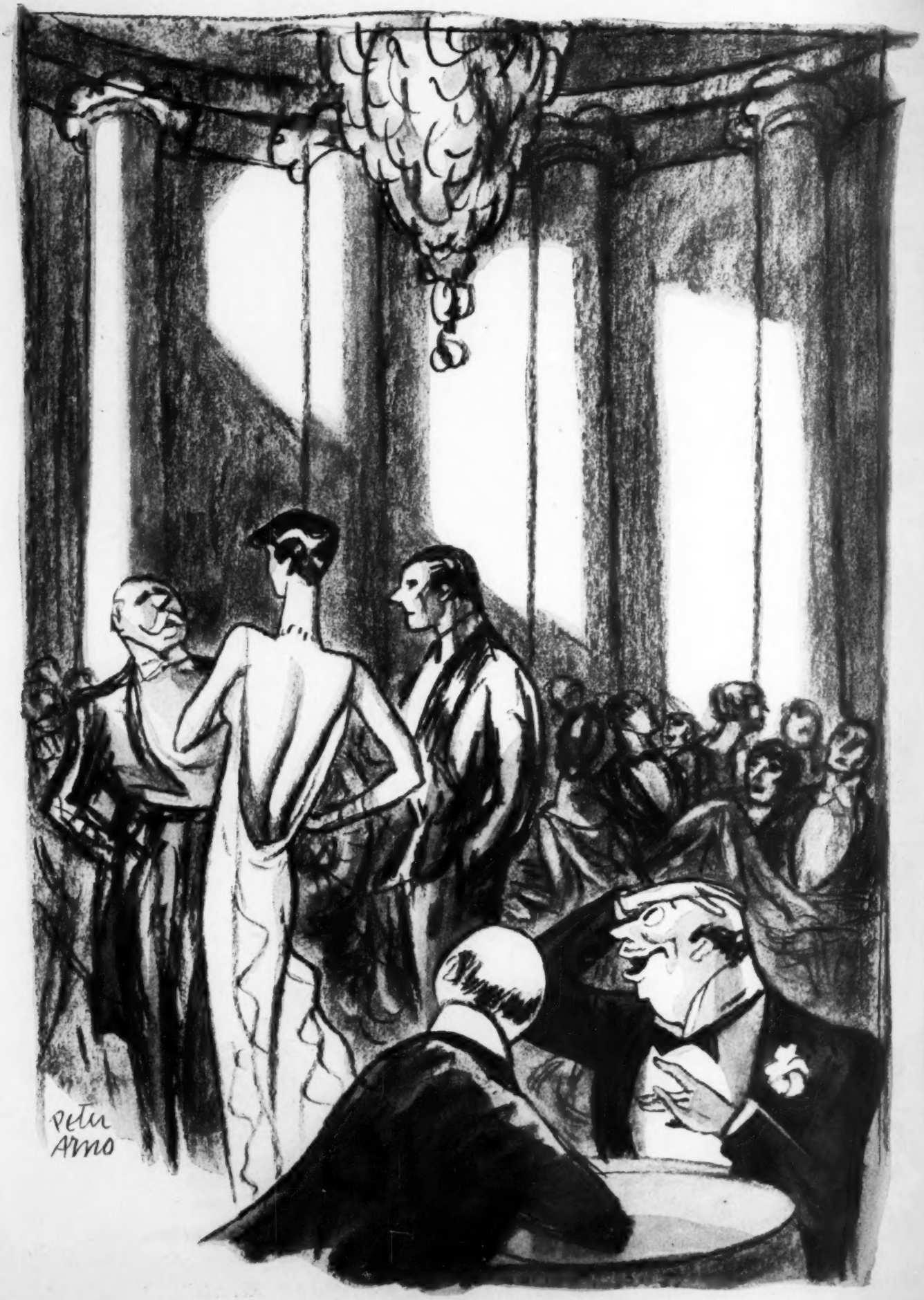
Bill is handsome, Irish, and quite dignified. He admits that his job exactly suits him, because he is his own boss and because the horses like him. He gets a two weeks' vacation every year, which he spends in Saratoga watching the races but not betting. Races are crooked, he says.

Plain Language

STORY told on the Columbia campus: One of the professors was offering to more or less eager ears the facts about Boccaccio and that indiscreet lady, Anna of Aquinis. The class was lulled by his gentle version of the affair until he was about to close, when he said, "Anna was, you must know, a—well—if I may lapse into the extreme modern vernacular"—his eyes at this point gleamed wickedly and the class sat up—"she was," continued the professor boldly, "what I can only call—a spooner!" The class relaxed.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"This is where Ernestine used to live with Mr. Roberts. I sometimes wonder about poor, dear Mr. Roberts."



"My God—what expression!"

TRY AGAIN

JOHN BALDERSTON's "Berkeley Square" has brought Einstein to Broadway and set playgoers to pondering over the fact that perhaps time is an illusion. As the hero of the comedy explains, that which is past, present, and future in the course of a boatman on a winding river exists in the same instant to an aviator flying overhead. And yet the dramatist himself has faltered in pursuing this notion to its logical extreme. Quite the most exciting moment of the play occurs when the transplanted Peter Standish decides to defy the past and marry the girl he loves even though he knows he never did. But on the bleak compulsion of "You can't change what has happened," he eventually accepts frustration.

But why? If past, present, and future are truly of a piece it should be just as easy to alter recorded history as to mold the events of the century to come. Perhaps Napoleon may yet win at Waterloo and Helen pause at the eight hundred and twenty-second ship and decide to launch no more. There could be somewhere an unmaker to tear apart threads woven by the Fates. He lives, I think, one flight above those three stern crones. You knock upon the second door to the right. He is not old but oldish, and his accommodating nature shows upon a face more kindly than any to be seen downstairs. His private office is small, for most of the space is given to the big room in the rear where all the girls sit with the ledgers. For cause he'll change the past, but naturally it is his intention to snake out the unwanted incident without tearing down the whole structure of accomplished fact. He endeavors to remove an episode as if it were a jackstraw lying loose and somewhat apart from the pile.

TO his office on an afternoon in late December came Nathaniel Bonard seeking a new deal. This down-at-the-heels visitor knew the rules. The most that any man may ask is the removal of one single day out of his entire past. And Bonard was content.

"If only I had never met her!" he said. "It was the evening of June 18, 1910. The whole thing was an accident. There were three openings that night and the city editor told me to cover 'The Horrid Hand.' When I got to the theatre I found he had the dates mixed. That play opened the night before. And just because I had nothing to do I dropped in at Charlie's apartment. She was there having supper. I'd never seen her before. He had a slight crush on her. I don't go to Charlie's once in two years. If the city editor hadn't been so dumb the chances are a million to one I would never have met Rose Collins. I shouldn't have met her even then. She was in the chorus of 'Fantana,' but she'd lied about a cold and taken a night off."

The unmaker thumbed the appropriate ledger. Bonard's name was there right enough and very close to that of Napoleon. "You were married at the Little Church Around the Corner on July 1 of that same year," said the unmaker. "Is that the day you want eradicated?"

"No," answered Bonard, "it was the day I met her that did the damage. There's no point in taking out July 1. That would only mean a wedding on some other date around that time. I was bound to marry her. And if I hadn't married a chorus girl with a pretty face and no brains I wouldn't be a copy reader today. I was just getting along to be a dramatic critic and I might have been a columnist in time. But you know a man's not going to have much ambition when his wife sits around the flat in a pink kimono all day and drinks gin. It isn't fair that just one day should have made a mess of nineteen years. I don't want to crab, but everything I'm not I owe to Rosie."

The unmaker nodded sympathetically. "I'll give you back your day," he said. "The date, as I remember, is June 18, 1910. Please don't expect anything to happen on the instant. I'm not a wizard. There is a little red tape connected with these proceedings, but when you wake up tomorrow morning it will be as if the eighteenth of June, 1910, had never been. Don't bother to thank me. This is strictly business."

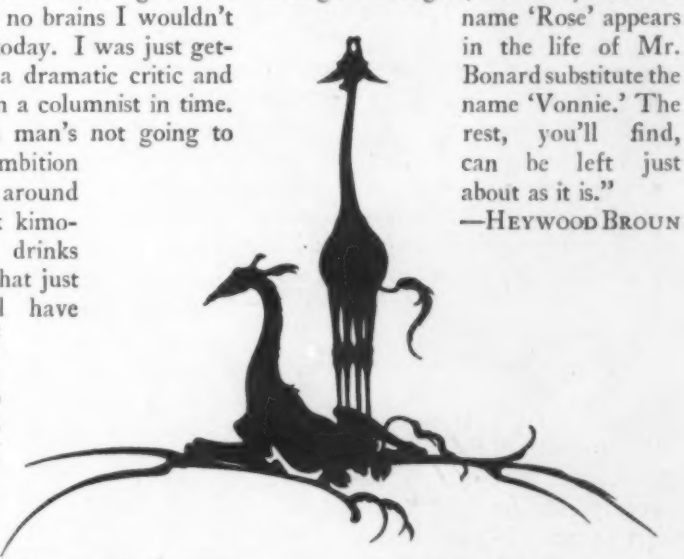
AND Nathaniel Bonard went down the stairs on the way to meet his amended life. The unmaker called a secretary, a sharp, spry girl, from the next room.

"Miss Schaefer," he said, "we have a little editing to do. A few changes in the life of Nathaniel Bonard. The first is in the ledger of past events. Here it is. You'll find that on June 18, 1910, he met a chorus girl from 'Fantana' called Rose Collins. Please eliminate that incident. Here's the red ink. And because he doesn't meet her then or ever after he can't very well marry her. You'll find that a few lines farther down. July 1 is the date this time. Eradicate the marriage of Nathaniel Bonard and Rose Collins. But now on the next page we'll have to make an addition. Enter it as of November 10, still in the same year. Write, 'Married at the Little Church Around the Corner: Nathaniel Bonard, *Tribune* reporter, and Vonnie Glazer of the chorus of 'Mr. Hamlet of Broadway.' That will be all."

"But don't you want me to make the other necessary changes in his past, present, and future now?" asked Miss Schaefer.

"Other changes!" said the unmaker. "Why, of course, to be sure. Go through the ledgers, and every time the name 'Rose' appears in the life of Mr. Bonard substitute the name 'Vonnie.' The rest, you'll find, can be left just about as it is."

—HEYWOOD BROUN



WARNING

If you would be invulnerable,
Let nothing enter in
The intimately empty breast,
The delicately thin
Walls of brain. Walk lightly,
Hands upon your eyes,
For he who looks on wild earth once,
Looks until he dies.
Who roots a face within his heart
Has no safe road to go,
And love is such a thing as lays
The proudest laughter low.

—FRANCES M. FROST

THE PRINCESS, THE PEA, AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

"NEVER!" vowed Mr. Edmund Shaw-Jones. "Never shall our daughter wed a poet!" Mrs. Shaw-Jones meekly concurred. Mr. Edmund Shaw-Jones was thus irate because he was who he was; and if you don't know who he was, you don't know the list of boxholders at the Opera House, or the *Directory of Directors*, or the membership rolls of our best clubs. The Shaw-Joneses have been somebody ever since their ancestor bought half Long Island from the Indians for a song and dance. (He even made the Indians provide the dance, under the stimulus of a keg of firewater.) Almost as noble and opulent as the Shaw-Joneses are the Chubb-Cherwells. (Mrs. Shaw-Jones was a Chubb-Cherwell.) So the Shaw-Joneses have always thought that the world is theirs, and the fulness thereof. They were not concerned in the writing of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, or the Charter of Greater New York; they let who will write the laws of a nation so long as they can endorse its dividend cheques. They don't make money; they have money, they are money. They don't know what it is all about, but they haven't needed to for the past two hundred years.

Miss Geraldine Shaw-Jones had been brought up in what is called the lap of luxury, as delicately nurtured as the legendary princess who was irked by the intrusive pea, even under seven featherbeds. She never dreamed—why should she?—that the spirit of America was about to change all that; that following the abolition of poverty, accomplished in the first year of the Hoover administration, the privilege of being upstage was about to be extended to the masses. She had been taught that the will of a Shaw-Jones was law; and the possibility of the conflict of the wills of two Shaw-Joneses did not cross her mind, till she came home and told her father that she was engaged to a poet named Eric.

A poet named Eric . . . "That," said her father furiously, "is what comes of letting her go to heavyweight fights, where you might meet anybody."

"I didn't meet him at a heavyweight fight," said Geraldine. "I met him at Palm Beach."

"Where you might meet anybody," her father concluded. "Never, I say. He has no family, he has no money; he is nobody. Never!"

Abashed by this thesaurus of negatives, Geraldine withdrew. Her parents heard no more of her till they returned that night from the opera, to be confronted with a telegram: "MARRIED ERIC AT PORT CHESTER. BE SPORTSMEN AND ASK US TO LUNCH TOMORROW."

"Never!" said Mr. Shaw-Jones. "She has made her bed; now let her lie in it. Already she asks for lunch! And after that, logically, dinner. . . . Never!" Mr. Shaw-Jones repeated "We must cut her off, Cornelia. Poverty will bring her to her senses."

"Cut her off?" Mrs. Shaw-Jones repeated. "Yes, Edmund," she concurred meekly. "Poverty will bring her to her senses."

Poverty. . . . Mrs. Shaw-Jones had never known anyone who had actually experienced poverty; but she could visualize it. An eight-room simplex; only two cars; visits from the Charity Organization Society. . . . Her husband was eyeing her shrewdly.

"Cornelia, you begin to weaken. Shaw-Joneses never weaken. I must take you away from these painful scenes. We shall cruise around the world."

Eric and Geraldine lunched on money he borrowed from a classmate he met in the Williams Club, while her parents set forth to cruise around the world.

"Yeah, she called me up the day she got her interlocutory degree."

O. SOGLOW

SIX months passed. The Shaw-Joneses cruised through tropic seas, they inspected age-old ruins; they heard no word from their only child. Then, in Soerabaja, Mrs. Shaw-Jones came upon an American magazine. She all but screamed as a portrait sprang out at her, from the midst of a full-page advertisement. Her child! . . . "Mrs. Eric Wilbraham (the former Miss Geraldine Shaw-Jones) clothes her exquisite self in the delicate intimacies of Pulpo underwear. 'Never till I wore Pulpo,' says Mrs. Wilbraham—"

Mrs. Shaw-Jones stared. There, indeed, was the photographic evidence—her daughter, in a shop, examining a nightgown. . . . She rang; she bade the maid summon her secretary, Miss Simpkins, who knew everything.

"Miss Simpkins," said Mrs. Shaw-Jones, "what is Pulpo underwear?"

Miss Simpkins frowned.

"It is," she said, "the sort of underwear that is worn by the wives of men who wear the same shirt for three days."

Mrs. Shaw-Jones shuddered. So this was poverty. . . . But she controlled herself; come what might, she must keep this news from Edmund.

At Alexandria, she came upon another American magazine. Another photograph of her child, imbedded in a full-page advertisement, screamed for her attention. "The lovely Mrs. Eric Wilbraham (formerly Miss Geraldine Shaw-Jones) confides to American women the secret of her allure. 'Never till I used Parfum Délire,' says Mrs. Wilbraham, 'did I understand how a scent might reveal the essence of a woman's personality—' "

Again Miss Simpkins was summoned.

"Miss Simpkins, what is Parfum Délire?"

"Mrs. Shaw-Jones, must you distress yourself by probing into the secret lives of the multitude? . . . It is sold in all Liggett drugstores, at twenty-five cents the *flacon*."

Mrs. Shaw-Jones shuddered; and when her husband joined her, it was with difficulty that she could withhold

the dreadful news. So it was to this that they had condemned their delicately nurtured child, who always wore French chiffon or handkerchief linen, and scented herself with the subtle fragrance of Aube de Cathay—who had never heard of scents that cost less than twenty-five dollars the *flacon*.

But Mrs. Shaw-Jones contained herself until they reached Paris, where she saw the picture of the bed. . . .

IT leaped at her, again, from a full-page advertisement of the American Association of Brass Bed Manufacturers. "Chosen for the bedroom of the aristocratic Mrs. Eric Wilbraham (formerly Miss Geraldine Shaw-Jones), in her New York apartment, is a brass bed. 'Women of taste,' says Mrs. Wilbraham, 'more and more appreciate the distinction of brass beds—' "

Mrs. Shaw-Jones stared. Geraldine's bedroom—the photograph could not lie; there was Geraldine herself, in a negligee, beside the brass bed. At the brass bed, Mrs. Shaw-Jones stared hard and long. She had seen such a bed once in her life—through a window on Second Avenue, when her car was held up in a traffic jam just below the Queensboro Bridge. An asterisk discreetly drew her attention to a footnote: "Mrs. Wilbraham's bed is priced at $15.50."

At this infelicitous moment, Mr. Shaw-Jones entered, with a ten-days-old New York paper in his hand.

"Edmund—" His wife was weeping. "Edmund, you told her she had made her bed and she must lie in it. B-but you never supposed it would be a brass bed, priced at $15.50."

"My God!" said Mr. Shaw-Jones, dropping the paper and snatching up the magazine. And as he stared at the photograph of his child in the brass-bedded boudoir, his wife's eyes fell on the newspaper he had abandoned. The feature page lay uppermost; and there she read—

Announcing
A Series of Twenty Articles
Commencing Next Monday
FROM THE SOCIAL REGISTER TO THE KITCHEN SINK,
or: How I Keep House in a Two-Room Apartment
By Mrs. Eric Wilbraham
(Formerly Miss Geraldine Shaw-Jones)

"Edmund!" said Mrs. Shaw-Jones. "Our child, keeping house in two rooms—with brass beds—and a kitchen sink—"

Mr. Shaw-Jones bowed his head.

"Cornelia, we have been unjust. Let us recall our child to our arms, and the lap of luxury."

"How can you?" asked his wife. "We don't know where she is."

"I shall cable a detective agency," he declared after a moment's thought. "I shall bid them spare no expense in ascertaining the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilbraham."

Ten days later, when they landed in New York, they were met at the dock by a representative of the detective agency, with the address of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilbraham, and a bill for five thousand dollars which Mr. Shaw-Jones paid without a murmur. He might have murmured if he had known that the agency had obtained his daughter's address from the telephone book. But how could he have known? None of the people he knew had their names in the telephone book.

Mrs. Shaw-Jones looked at the address, and gasped.

"Turtle Terrace? Why, Edmund, that isn't a bad address at all! Dis-

"He has the most marvellous vocabulary—I don't know whether he'll use it all this evening or not."

tinctly a good address, I had always supposed."

"Geraldine would bear up bravely," said her husband with a new grimness. "She would put up a bold front to the world, even if brass beds and Pulpo underwear lay behind it. Come—let us find her at once."

"I think," said Mrs. Shaw-Jones with unwonted firmness, "you had better leave this to me, Edmund. I'll bring her home for lunch."

She was shivering as she drove off to Turtle Terrace. You, dear reader, will understand that many a broken heart beats beneath a sable coat. It was only a mild alleviation when the car stopped before the apartment house where Geraldine dwelt, and Mrs. Shaw-Jones observed that the house was in all respects such a house as one might live in. Who knew what shameful economies, what heroic pretences, went on behind that opulent front?

Mrs. Shaw-Jones steeled herself; five minutes later she was being taken to her daughter, through the intricacies of what appeared to be about a fourteen-room duplex.

"You are sure," she asked the maid—a maid whom she would not have been ashamed to employ herself—"that I am not in the wrong apartment? I want Mrs. Wilbraham; Mrs. Eric Wilbraham. Formerly Miss Shaw-Jones."

"I believe that Mrs. Wilbraham was a Shaw-Jones, madame. At least, she appeared to recognize your name."

MRS. SHAW-JONES entered her daughter's room, prepared to take the erring child to her capacious bosom, but the erring child beat her to it.

"Hello, Mother!" She leaped from her bed; she ran to her mother, and embraced her. If you are a reasonable person, you will understand that Mrs. Shaw-Jones was less impressed by the warmth of her daughter's embrace than by the fact that her daughter was attired in a negligee of French chiffon; that she was faintly scented with Aube de Cathay; and that the bed from which she had leaped looked as if it had been taken from the Château of Chenonceaux.

"Gerry!" said her mother. "So poor Uncle Nicholas died, and left you—"

"Uncle Nicholas? Certainly not. He dined with us night before last. No, Mother, I made all the money myself. By my writing."

"Your writing? Geraldine, you never could spell, or write a grammatical sentence—"

Mrs. Shaw-Jones broke off as a young woman paused in the open door—a businesslike young woman who carried a black leather case.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Valentine!" Geraldine called. "Would you mind waiting just a few minutes?"

"Your manicurist?" asked Mrs. Shaw-Jones.

"No indeed, Mother. My ghost writer. . . . Yes indeed, I think it's perfectly thrilling to be an author; but it's rather hard on poor Eric. You see, the poor boy writes his own stuff, and I make ever so much more money than he does—"

Now the Shaw-Joneses, as I have told you, don't know quite what everything is all about.

"Geraldine," her mother demanded, "how do you make money by writing?"

"Well, Mother, it's the American spirit. I'm probably the first Shaw-Jones who ever understood the American spirit."

"And what is the American spirit?" Mrs. Shaw-Jones demanded. Geraldine frowned.

"Well, it's a little hard to explain to you—but it's the thing that makes us such a wonderfully good literary country, with such wonderful football and tennis players. It's something that lets amateurs make more money than professionals." —ELMER DAVIS

•

OF ALL THINGS

TWO million western farmers sent in a protest against the industrial rates in the pending tariff bill. In no time at all the President's office burst into flames.

•

An insurance company's figures show that wives outlive their husbands by a ratio of two to one. Many men do not realize how dangerous it is to take out a policy.

•

The Board of Aldermen voted Yuletide gifts to the heads of the city government, but found nothing in their own stockings. A lot of other fathers know how our city dads feel.

•

Owners now advertise apartments of 2–1/2, 3–1/2 rooms, and so on up. What would be a fair rent, we wonder, for 3–1/3 rooms, 5/8 baths, and 3/16 of a closet?

•

Let us keep the record straight. United States unofficials have asked the unrecognized Soviet misgovernment to help find the fliers lost in alleged Siberia.

•

We are forced to the conclusion that Senator Borah is right. There is more tongue than teeth in the prohibition law.

•

The American Fascisti have decided to disband. The reason is somewhat obscure, but our theory is that they lost their black shirts in the crash.

•

The peace in Manchuria is regarded as a victory for Russia. On the other hand it leaves the Chinese free to catch up with their home shooting.

•

A special traffic court for tipsy drivers has been established in our law-abiding town. The instructions to the cops are: "Arrest ye merry gentlemen."

•

"I did everything in my power to have harmony in the party," says Senator Heflin. We all remember when he went about burying the hatchet in Al Smith's anatomy.

•

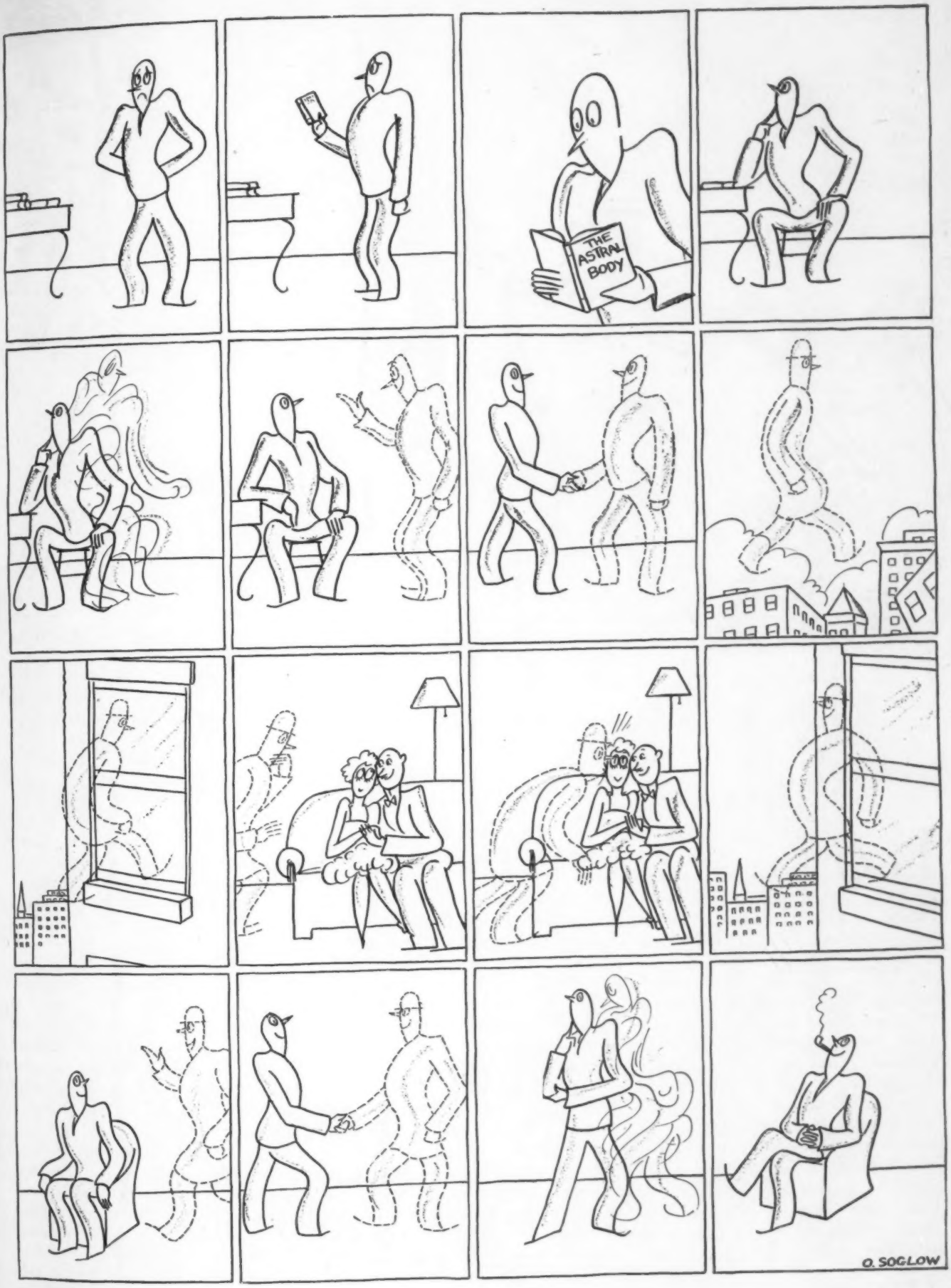
Friendly visitors to the Park Avenue poor should use great tact. It might be just as well not to ask, "Does your husband drink?"

•

General Butler's account of how the marines rigged the elections in Nicaragua in favor of their candidate caused only a mild sensation. It was an error in judgment to tell this story in Pennsylvania.

•

We do not differ so much from our Canadian cousins. In Ontario there is a temperance tract in every package of liquor and in Washington there are wet goods in the dry Congressman's trunk. —HOWARD BRUBAKER


THE ASTRAL BODY
O. SOGLOW

"Ma, Gordon's at your jiggler again!"

• •

CALENDARS

I HAVE been browsing around the notion counters of all the little shops (*Anglice*—shoppes) and find the world once again full of calendars. Calendars, I find, are fuller round the hips, so to speak, this year. In addition to the usual and invaluable information about Nathaniel Hawthorne's birthday, the date of the battle of Wugga-wugga, and of Hannibal's death, they are nearly all embellished with some quotation, proverb, or bright thought for each day of the week. My researches revealed that calendars fall into distinct classes according to the general tenor of thought supplied. Obviously, I suppose; for one could hardly expect to find a quotation from the Bible on one day and a break like "It's a man's world—but woman's the most interesting thing in it" on the next.

HERE are some of the types of calendar I have tracked down:

The Ethical—These are subdivided into the True Ethical and the Business Ethical.

The True Ethical display high thoughts of a moral though hackneyed nature, such as "Honesty is the best policy," or somewhat self-satisfied announcements of the "I shall only pass through this world but once, so any good I can do now," etc., school—though the latter are more usually found tooled as an artistically torn fragment of leather, and hung over the washbasin in the second best spare bedroom at The Larches.

The Business Ethical provide equally high thoughts, but with not nearly such a disinterested flavor. "It pays to be honest" is the way they put it; while remarks like "Every time you forgive a man you weaken him and strengthen yourself" are great favorites. There's truth there, boy: I'd just hate to be nobly forgiven by Edam J. Schutersen for jamming him in the elevator and then go down several thousand on a bargain with him. This type of calendar is designed to give the captain of industry the pleasant feeling of having got altruism at last on a commercial footing.

The Frankly Commercial follow naturally on the list. There is no soft guff about "honesty" or "doing good" in these. Probably the only times the words are mentioned are in pithy sentences such as: "If you find your rival doing good business—go out and get it." Or "Don't waste time; if an employee isn't honest—give him the air!" There is no space left for Sunday in this type of calendar and little for Saturday, but the existence of a week-end is occasionally hinted at by the appearance on a Friday of "The wise businessman always knows when to stop for a breathing space," or "Driving power is as essential in business as in golf."

The Religious—To balance the previous type, Sundays in these calendars occupy fifty per cent of the weekly space. There is a text for each day or, in extreme cases, two. They are sent at New Year by clergymen and their wives to other clergymen and their wives, and forwarded on by them at Easter or Epiphany to inoffensive nephews.

The Jovial—The appendages to these calendars are of the hearty, loud-voiced, back-slapping kind. They roar at you daily and are as disconcerting as five fox-hunting squires in a suburban drawing-room. To come down to a pile of bills on your breakfast plate and read: "Sept. 25th, Quarter Day. 'Laugh, you old devil, laugh!'" is like a blow in the face. "Drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die" is a favorite, yet on the morrow one always finds "Laugh with life and be a good liver!" whereas if you have followed the previous day's exhortation you probably have a very bad liver indeed. This type of calendar generally ends up in the fire on the first real Monday morning.

The Cynical—These, one imagines, are compiled by crusty old bachelors living on the bleak edges of the desolate moors. In point of fact they are probably written by cheery mothers of four, all living, who are adding something to their dress-allowance and at the same time letting their inhibitions out for a nice little run. They abound in this sort of sentiment: "Love is the wine

of Life: marriage the morning after!" and "The woman who says she's misunderstood is probably understood too well." They are sent by humorous-minded uncles to newly-wed nephews. The latter consider them blasphemous.

The Quite Soppy—This offers a solution of what happens to the sentimental mottoes about "love" and "moon" and "you," "true," and "blue" which were too bad to make the Christmas bonbons. This type, if bought at all, is sent by one wet smack to another wet smack.

The Dialect—These are generally called "A Loamshire Posy" and are a presumed compilation of wise Olde Englysshe country saws, written, however, in such complicated dialect that their meaning (if any) is gloriously obscure. Here is a good sample: "'Im as'd liefer lie in lidden as be a-baadling zooks en 'aarvest toime be girt vule, zay Oi." God knows what it's all about, but with a pencilled note in the memo space of, say, Aug. 13—"Lunch with Uncle Lionel: Club 1 P. M."—the day achieves a certain nobility.

The Literary—These naturally fall under the headings of various authors. Shakespeare is, of course, a favorite, Dickens follows close. I even found a Mark Twain calendar. I have not seen an Anita Loos calendar, but it would probably be the best of the lot.

IN conclusion, why should there not in these days of advancing civilization be a Crime Calendar? Not only would it preserve for you the dates of the bumping off of your favorite criminals and the anniversaries of star sensations like the "WOMAN KILLED FOR DIAMONDS IN MAYFAIR FLAT," which livened your breakfast for two weeks, but you could subjoin quotations from authors suitable to the theme. Shakespeare would be invaluable. What about "Flat burglary as ever was committed" (*Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Scene 2*) for a start? You can think up others yourself.—A. A.

THE SMITH

Hephaestus was a changeling,
Come from underground,
Who woke the gods one morning
With the sudden sound
  Of ringing iron and gold
  Beneath his hammer's hold.

He struck the happy anvil
And made them wingéd spears,
And goblets for their laughter,
And necklaces of tears.
  But he was not forgiven
  For sweating there in heaven.

They gave him Aphrodite
For an unfaithful wife,
And brought him, very kindly,
Rumors of her life
  With Ares' flaming head
  Beside her in his bed.

Hephaestus, unforgiven,
Worked on; till by and by
Zeus took him by the left leg
And threw him down the sky—
  Falling on Lemnian men.
  But he came back again;

And forges still the trinkets
They laugh and fling away;
And he would be to pity,
But that he has his day—
  And has his rest by night
  From indolence and spite.

—MARK VAN DOREN

• •

"Of course, in a way, Bertrand Russell is responsible for me."

PROFILES

THE WIZARD—II

Thomas Alva Edison

BEFORE 1866 stock quotations travelled by telegraph wires, speaking-tubes, and messenger boys. In 1866 Dr. S. S. Laws started an electrical service which flashed quotations on something like a cash register. In 1867 E. A. Callahan invented the stock ticker, and in the same year Edison, twenty years old, came from Boston to New York with another idea for a ticker; but he failed to interest anyone in it. Penniless, he took free lodgings for himself in the battery room of Dr. Laws' Gold Indicator Company, the Dow-Jones of its day. On the third day of Edison's residence there, the whole system became demented. The tickers began to rave. In the turmoil Edison presented himself to Dr. Laws, saying, "I think I can fix it." "Fix it! Fix it!" shouted Dr. Laws. Edison fixed it. Dr. Laws made him general manager at three hundred dollars a month.

About nine-tenths of his salary was spent on ticker experiments in a small laboratory in Jersey City which he shared with a scientist who was seeking to age raw whiskey by electricity. The tickers of this period had two major faults—that of ceasing to tick and that of misquoting prices. At the age of twenty-two Edison invented a device for calming excited tickers and making the balky ones go. This enabled operators sitting in a central office to correct tickers at distant places. It was an important invention and became the backbone of all successful ticker services. Edison was paid forty thousand dollars, a vast fortune in 1869, for his patents. At the bank the paying teller pushed the forty-thousand-dollar cheque back, saying "Endorse it." The inventor did not know what that meant and walked out of the bank, sure that he had been cheated. After friends had set him right, he cashed the cheque, filled his pockets with currency, took it home with him, and sat up all night with it.

EDISON gave up his position with the ticker service and devoted himself wholly to invention. As fast as he sold patents, he used up the money in experiments; he was a rich man and a pauper by turns. He took out scores of patents for improvements on the telegraph, including devices for sending four and six messages simultaneously over the same wire. Jay Gould bought a series of Edison patents for four million dollars, but did not pay for them. Edison sued Gould; the suit ran through the courts for thirty-six years and was then thrown out on the ground that it had been started in the wrong place.

In 1876 Bell invented the telephone. The Western Union asked Edison to invent it a telephone, too. The Bell telephone was still a parlor trick. It was commercially unsuccessful, because it was handicapped by a feeble transmitter. Edison invented the "carbon button," an efficient transmitter. According to the good custom of the seventies, each company appropriated its rival's best patents; the Bell telephone became a success because of the Edison transmitter, and the Edison telephone became a success because of the Bell receiver. The Western Union invaded England with the Edison telephone in 1877. The instrument was demonstrated there by a red-headed young barker named George Bernard Shaw, who, reminiscing many years later, said, "I explained it in a style which I am persuaded laid the foundation of Mr. Edison's reputation."

The telephone war ended with the Bell company's purchase of the Edison patents from the Western Union on a cash and royalty basis. Edison sold one telephone patent to the Western Union for one hundred thousand dollars. It was still his practice to spend all the money he could get on experiments. He was afraid to allow himself to get hold of one hundred thousand dollars at one time, and stipulated that the sum should be paid in seventeen yearly payments.

A little later he sold another patent to the Western Union for one hundred thousand dollars, and again stipulated that it should be paid in seventeen annual installments.

IN 1875 Edison barely missed being the father of radio. He experimented in the field of wireless without knowing it. He even made a crude receiving set and caught random signals from electrical apparatus in his own laboratory. He had first noticed mysterious sparks when he worked on his electric pen and his telegraphic typewriter. On November 2, he tackled the mystery of these sparks and progressed in one day to a point where he was picking up static between two electrified carbon points. "This is wonderful," he wrote in his journal, "and a good proof that the cause of the spark is a true unknown force." He called his discovery "etheric force" and rigged up a dark box which gave an "etheric" peepshow. But that was as far as he got. He had a hundred other irons in the fire and could not devote himself to tracking down his unknown force. It was as if Columbus, after getting in sight of America, had turned back to do some sardine-fishing. Ten years later Hertz began researches which established the nature of radio, and twenty years later Marconi invented wireless telegraphy.

Edison, now twenty-nine years old and in the full tide of his genius, invented the phonograph extemporaneously. One day he drew a sketch and gave it to John Kruesi, his best workman. Thirty hours later Kruesi had made a machine from the drawing. Edison turned the crank and shouted "Mary had a little lamb" into the machine. The crank was turned again, the machine lisped "Mary had a little lamb," and John Kruesi exclaimed *"Mein Gott in Himmel!"*

In the history of invention the phonograph stands out as an impromptu. Edison's restless brain had suddenly combined two of his experiences into the idea of the "speaking machine," as they called it at first. He had noticed how his automatic telegraph apparatus would hum the scale as its speed was increased. This was due to vibrations, or sound waves, set up by dots and dashes indented in paper tape. This was one-half of the idea of the talking machine. The other half came from Edison's work on sound waves in connection with the telephone. He had invented a toy which operated by the power of the human voice. When one shouted at this plaything, a tiny man started to saw wood. It occurred to Edison that, if sound waves had force enough to operate a toy saw, they had force enough to register themselves; and that, from the record thus made, the sound could be reconstructed. He brushed away obstacles like cobwebs, and quivering audiences were soon

listening to the box that talked like a man. Bishop Vincent, one of the founders of the Chautauqua, believed, as most other people did, that there was a ventriloquist or a speaking-tube somewhere. The bishop tested it by rattling off the hardest names in the Bible at it. After the machine had faithfully reproduced them, he said: "That settles it. No other man in the world can pronounce those names at that rate of speed."

EDISON never was much of a prophet. He was always too busy to peer into the future. He was blind to the possibilities of some of his greatest inventions. From the very beginning he worked on both the disc and the cylinder type of phonographs. He patented the cylinder, and started to take out a patent for the disc, but failed to complete it. This carelessness allowed others to break into the field which he should have monopolized. Edison made his talking machine the best in the field, but he lost his leadership because he would not pay the fees demanded by artists. "Why so much for a vocal cord?" he asked. "What is it but a bit of meat?" Not that Edison was stingy or afraid to gamble, but he never had time to straighten out his tangled ideas on the subject of money. His shortcomings as a businessman are notorious. If he had retained his financial interest in his own inventions, or his public-utility stock, he would be able to buy Rockefeller and Ford outright, and take an option on Mellon. Samuel Insull, one of Edison's secretaries, gleaning a little in his employer's wake, made himself one of the country's richest men. But the building up of a large fortune was not one of Edison's aims. He could turn his back, through indifference, on public-utility Golcondas based on his inventions; but when he was forced to give attention to money matters, he became a small-town middle-westerner. He had worked so hard for his money, he had been embarrassed so often for lack of it, that he could not get a true perspective on it. It was not until late in life, after the passion to create had ceased to tyrannize over his other faculties, that he became a sound financier and big businessman.

The first model of Edison's phonograph went to the South Kensington Museum in England. The earliest surviving model of his incandescent light went there too. So, later, did the first Wright airplane. All three should have gone to the Smithsonian Institution, but the inventor has a low standing in American scientific circles. The pure scientist rates him as poor white trash. The classic illustration was furnished by the Smithsonian Institution, which enshrined a non-flying flying machine that a scientist made, and spurned the historic plane of the Wrights. The Smithsonian people meant to be fair, but they could not regard the Wrights as other than gifted velocipede-repairers and Edison as anything but an inspired tinker.

HIS lieutenants have left many records of the terrific taskmaster that Edison was in those days both to himself and to his assistants. It is a matter of history that he often did not leave his laboratory for days at a time. Stretching out with his clothes on, he caught naps now and then, but he slept very little. In 1873 he took off an hour or two to get married. It was printed in the newspapers that, an hour

"Silk socks!
Oh, Jerry,
I knew you'd make good."

"After all, what is the meaning of it all?"

after his marriage, Edison had forgotten the event. Edison branded this as an exaggeration, and gave the following version of the interlude in his honeymoon to his biographer, Francis Arthur Jones: "The day I was married a consignment of stock tickers had been returned to the factory as being imperfect, and I had a desire to find out what was wrong and to put the machines right. An hour or so after the ceremony had been performed, I thought of these tickers, and when my wife and I had returned home, I mentioned them to her and explained that I would like to go to the factory to see what was the matter with them. She agreed at once and I went down, where I found Batchelor, my assistant, hard at work, trying to remedy the defect. We both monkeyed about with them, and finally, after an hour or two, we put them to rights and I returned home. But as to forgetting that I was married, that's all nonsense." The first Mrs. Edison died in 1884, leaving three children, Thomas Alva, William Leslie, and Marion Estelle.

AMONG Edison's multitude of inventions was the tasimeter, a device for measuring temperature to a millionth part of a degree, Fahrenheit. He went to Rawlins, Wyoming, on July 28, 1878, to try the tasimeter on the eclipse. The instrument became frantic at the sudden fall of temperature and was quite useless for eclipse purposes. Leaving Rawlins, Edison went on to California for the adventure of it, riding most of the way on a cushion on the cowcatcher of a locomotive.

On this vacation, which lasted two months, he made up his mind that his next invention would be the electric light. Two years before, Edison had seen Professor Barker's arc light at the Philadelphia exposition. On his vacation he studied an arc light that was travelling with a circus. The arc light was the circus' headliner, as big a thing in its way as a sea elephant or a human projectile. The incandescent lamp is one of Edison's greatest achievements, but he cannot safely be called the inventor of it. On October 21, 1929, America celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp; but on December 2, 1928, England celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Sir Joseph Swan's invention of the incandescent lamp.

Before Edison tackled the subject, inventors had produced brief electrical bonfires in glass bottles. Eminent scientists wrote papers to prove that a long-lived electric lamp was an impossibility. The famous John Tyndall said, "Knowing something of the intricacy of the practical problem, I should certainly prefer seeing it in Edison's hands to having it in mine."

No matter how Edison's title to priority may be clouded, his wonderful gifts never appeared to greater advantage than in his work on the electric light. The history of this accomplishment shows Edison towering over the brilliant scientists and inventors who were competing with him in this field. Edison was like Napoleon in Italy—one dashing campaign and the thing was done. The obstacles which had baffled able minds for twenty years surrendered one after another to Edison. In October, 1879, he produced a lamp that burned for forty hours. This was rapidly improved. It was then merely a mopping-up job for Edison to invent the meter, the power-house equipment, and the other essentials of an electric-lighting system. He subsequently beat all his American rivals in the courts. The issue was not tested in the courts in England. The English claim is that Sir Joseph Swan not only invented the laboratory toy of twenty years before, but perfected a commercially successful light a few months ahead of Edison, and that the British lighting industry is founded on the work of Swan.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the second of three articles on Mr. Edison.)

• •

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD

The Truth of This Quaint Proverb, as Attested by the Current Press

THE LOCALITY	THE VIRTUOUS ONE	THE VIRTUE	THE REWARD
Malmesbury, Eng.	Poorhouse inmate	Returned lost necklace worth $90	4 cents.
Forestville, Conn.	Schoolboy	Returned lost purse containing $300	50 cents.
Pittsburgh	Theatre usher	Returned lost bonds worth $100,000	$10.
Berlin	Taxi-driver	Returned lost roll of bills, $38,500	$12.
Pensauken, N. J.	Policeman	Returned a stolen automobile	33 cents.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

THE THEATRE

NEW YEAR'S RUSH

IF Hollywood never does any more harm to our native drama, it will have earned the title of "Golden Ghoul" for what it has done to Sidney Howard. Mr. Howard left the East Coast with "Lucky Sam McCarver," "They Knew What They Wanted," and "The Silver Cord" to his credit, one of our few playwrights who had progressed beyond the "promising" stage. He has returned, after many months of lucrative labor in the rich vineyards of California, bearing with him "Half Gods," a perfect specimen of what is graciously called the "movie Mind."

"Half Gods" has everything that a movie scenario should have after it has emerged from its series of "conferences" with the production officials, the girls in the cutting-room, the studio messenger-boy, and a preview audience in Los Angeles. It has a basic and wide-eyed treatment of some social problem which has long since ceased to agitate the less-isolated sections of the country (this time it is the Wife whom psychoanalysis has made restive for self-expression, a revolutionary characterization for the movies, but fairly familiar by now to those who read books and attend plays on the Atlantic seaboard); it has large blobs of shameless sentimentality and moralizing which Mr. Howard could never have written with a straight face; it has sudden injections of "comic relief" such as are whipped into a picture after the officials have decided that it needs "hoking up" for the small-town exhibitors, and, as this was evidently considered insufficient, a short vaudeville sketch called "Getting the Goods on Daddy" has been pried into the last act. The first and last scenes are the only ones in which any of the real Sidney Howard shows through, and that is just about as good a break as most authors get in the final picturization of their stories.

The cast, which includes Mayo Methot, Donn Cook, Dorothy Sands, and Siegfried Rumann (the latter delivering his short but effective bit from his accustomed position halfway up the stairs where, judging by his complete surgical regalia, he is about to ascend to a major operation for whooping-cough), all are forced, by the obvious and alphabetical quality of their lines, to sound as if they were taking part in a Channing Pollock morality play in which the characters are named "Mr. Dull Husband" and "Mrs. Selfish Wife."

Of course, it may be argued, if "Half Gods" is such a blatant product of Hollywood, what was Mr. Arthur Hopkins, a loyal Broadway boy, thinking of when he accepted it for production here and directed it as he did? This, we regret to say, seems to be one of the seasons when Mr. Hopkins hasn't been doing his customary amount of thinking.

THE Police Department should have known better than to appoint a man like William Hodge as Inspector, for anyone could have told them that with that heart of gold of his, he would be likely to wink at any law violation which was perpetrated in the name of Mother Love. It takes three acts of "Inspector Kennedy" for Mr. Hodge to question his way into a solution of the problem of who murdered Dwight Mortover, and then, when he has the culprit cowering before him, what does he do but turn his badge to the wall and traduce the Law! In these days what we need are more police-inspectors with hearts of stone. Maybe it was Somebody's Mother who killed Rothstein.

At any rate, Mr. Hodge in his game of "Twenty Thousand Questions" is easier to listen to than most stage inspectors, because he doesn't shout and wake you up.

THE Theatre Guild is starting 1930 off with the first interesting play of its season. "Meteor" is not quite so delectable a play as we have come to expect from Mr. S. N. Behrman after his "The Second Man" and the luncheon scene from "Serena Blandish," but its central idea (in fact, its sole idea) of a superman who rides to a fall—and then doesn't quite fall—is one which at least keeps your mind pleasantly engaged. Even at the expense of missing the 11:25 or losing your table at the Lido you should stay for the final curtain; otherwise you will miss the kick of the whole play.

There are one or two points in "Meteor" which confused me a little, but that may be because I am easily confused. I could not quite see the importance of the heart-disease scandal in the first act, the threatened disclosure of which threw several of the characters into such a state of mind. I can hardly believe if the news leaked out that a professional football marvel had a weak heart and might die at any moment during a game, that it would be bad for business. On the contrary, it would be an added attraction to a jaded public. But, as in "Michael and Mary," if there had been no danger of scandal there would have been no play—so let it pass.

The remainder of my confusion at "Meteor" came from my old inability to understand the intricacies of off-stage business deals, especially when they are taking place in Central America. When someone rushes on and says excitedly that "the Deterding people have closed with Harkins," which means that "unless the stock transfer is effected before tomorrow Leftwich will have the Roccocomo outfit crushed to the wall," I just stop listening for a little while, knowing that I wouldn't get it even if I heard correctly. The thing always works out somehow, and you can tell by the expression on the hero's face whether it is for good or bad.

Alfred Lunt makes it very easy to understand anyway, by adding another outstanding characterization to his already impressive list, and, although Lynn Fontanne does not have much to do except worry, she does that as effectively as she does everything else. There are rumors that the character portrayed by Mr. Lunt has a shadowy original right

here in our home-town, which may be the reason that I thought I detected a subtle bluish tinge to his makeup in the region of his jowls. Or maybe I was just looking for it.

SPORTING events in musical comedy are usually unconvincing at best and sometimes downright repulsive. The two latest additions to the sporting calendar for the week are a speedboat race in "Top Speed" and a whippet race in "Woof, Woof," and neither one would ever draw much of a crowd if offered by itself. The chief value of each is that it is over in practically no time and no one can tell who has won. If some night the whippets from "Woof, Woof" were to make a mistake and run over the speedboat course in "Top Speed" (and, naturally vice versa) it is doubtful if anyone in the respective audiences would know the difference.

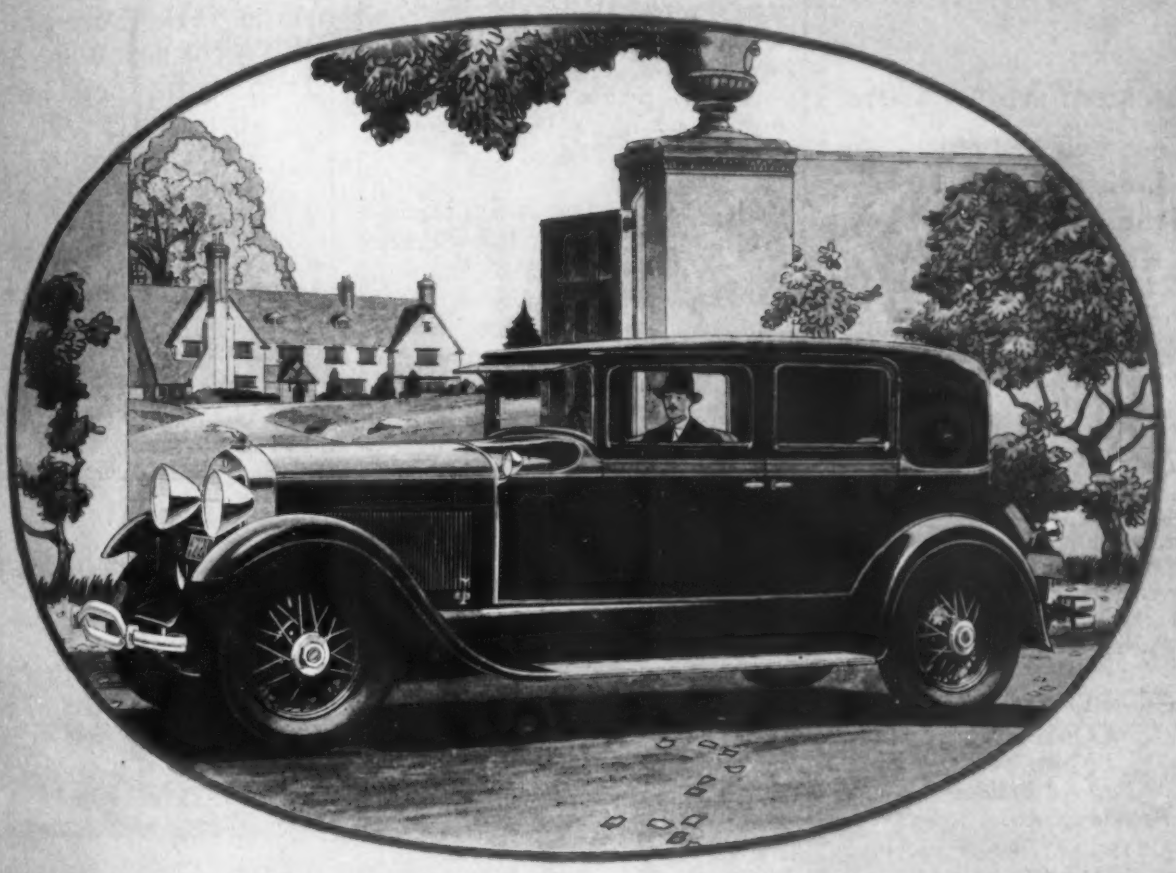
The whippets in "Woof, Woof," however, will probably be out of a job shortly and willing to run over any small-time course which will take them on. For "Woof, Woof" does not have the earmarks of success about it. Its chief claim to distinction is Miss Louise Brown, who is strangely out of place amid such Pantages surroundings. Some day soon Miss Brown will rate a good show.

"Top Speed" looks more like a paying guest at the 46th Street Theatre. In spite of the fact that its book contains but one gag which this department has not heard many, many times before (and when this department has heard a gag you can count on its being well along in years), there is a snap to the production as a whole which bespeaks at least a moderate success. The chorus is smart; Irene Delroy dances nicely; Lester Allen has an imaginative sweater-tailor and puts the one new gag over with excellent effect, and a novitiate named, believe it or not, Ginger Rogers, seems to be a valuable comédienne in the making. Messrs. Kalmar and Ruby have put together several good, serviceable numbers and Harland Dixon does several Harland Dixon dance-routines to them. On the whole, with the exception of what really must be called a pretty punk book by Guy Bolton, "Top Speed" will do. In case your favorite morning news-

"HEADS UP!"

Some of the principals, who are kept pretty busy, what with bootlegging and tap dancing; left to right: Robert Gleckler (that mean man in "Broadway"), Victor Moore, Barbara Newberry, Jack Whiting, and Betty Starbuck. Phil Ohman is at the piano.

A HOUSE lifting its clean lines above terrace and lawn . . . rooms beautifully appointed . . . a distinguished motor car drawn up at the door . . . these make a fitting and consistent background for the man who has established his claim to the good things of existence. ♦ People who demand excellence in their living, naturally demand it in their motor cars. ♦ And in the Lincoln they find a car of the uncompromising quality that marks their other possessions. ♦ Throughout motor, chassis and body, it is an automobile created with unsurpassed engineering and designing skill. ♦ It is built with deliberate accuracy from materials of the highest basic quality. ♦ It is made carefully, without haste, in one of the famous precision plants of the world. ♦ As a result, its performance and beauty are authentic . . . and enduring. ♦ In every way it is a motor car that takes its natural place in the environment of people who live well.



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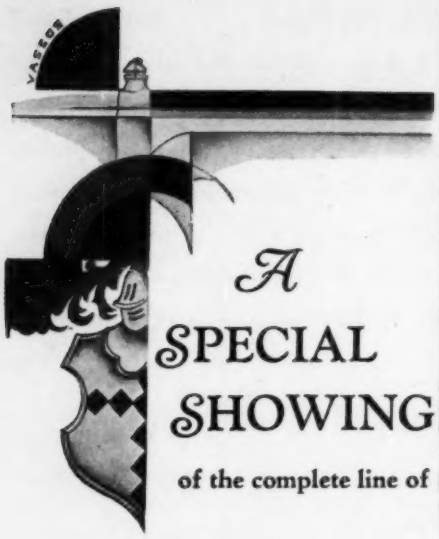

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paper seemed more enthusiastic over it than this review does, remember that it opened on Christmas night.

IT is, of course, fairly easy to make an impressive play out of a story in which Life, Death, Love, the Devil, or the Founder of the Christian Church is personified—always granted that it is given a good performance. Any play in which the characters can look fearfully into the eyes of a Mysterious Stranger and say "Who *are* you?" and the Mysterious Stranger can smile enigmatically, sharing with the audience his transcendental secret, is pretty sure to have elements of dramatic appeal—again provided that it is performed by capable actors.

"Death Takes a Holiday" is, in its most important rôles, performed by capable actors. And, as it deals with a three-day holiday taken by Death, in which he mixes with a patrician house-party in Italy and falls in love with one of the young ladies, only to find that, at the expiration of his furlough, he is confronted with the same problem which he himself has so often presented to mortals, the play takes on a surface impressiveness which is quite unwarranted by its actual merits. And, for even a surface impressiveness, we should be grateful, I suppose.

If one is so callous as to examine it, however, it is a fairly phony piece of work. (It is the work of an Italian named Alberto Casella, adapted by Walter Ferris.) Expressing the Infinite in terms of the Finite is a job which better metaphysicians than Sig. Casella have tried and failed at, and one has to make no fewer than eighty or a hundred allowances before one can really be swept away by the theme. It is all very eerie and macabre, and the last scene is one of considerable power, no matter how you look at it, but there are still those allowances to be made and that takes one's mind off the play.

To Philip Merivale and Rose Hobart goes much of the credit that "Death Takes a Holiday" is the theatrically effective drama that it is.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

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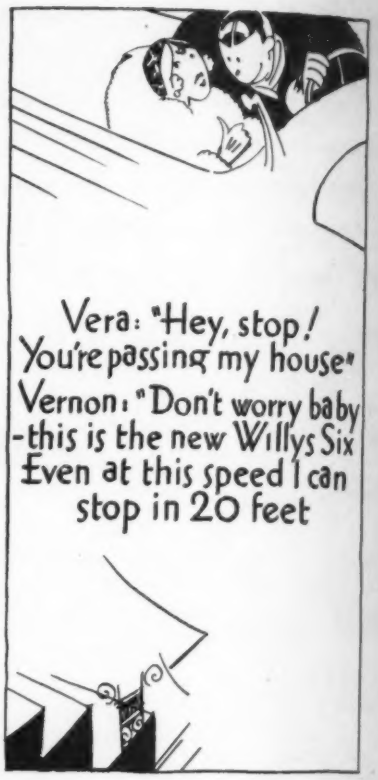
$150 REWARD for return of diamond bowknot brooch containing 52 diamonds, lost Nov. 19 in or near vicinity of Saks' 5th Av., Mirror Candy, 732 5th Av., Best & Co., Altman's, Saks' 34th St., 5th Av. bus or Penn. Station. A. J. Schlapp, 110 William St. Beekman 6261.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Have you looked in the haystack?


Vera: "Hey, stop! You're passing my house"
Vernon: "Don't worry baby -this is the new Willys Six Even at this speed I can stop in 20 feet

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The FOUR ORIGINAL YACHT CLUB BOYS

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"Here's news for your Tattle Tales; we now have a title in the family."

"Ah, secret marriage . . . good old European name . . . one of the blood and what not."

"Thanks, no. Good old American name—Studebaker—and the title is champion of the world. Lend an eye."

ARISTOCRATS of motordom, these new Studebaker Eights, in the truest sense of the term. Patrician style . . . correctly smart . . . even in repose their symmetry is eloquently expressive of the scintillating performance which has won for them the coveted title of world champion motor cars.

If you are firmly convinced that now all motor cars are about alike and there are no new thrills in motoring—take your prejudices for a ride in one of these rulers of the road. Then you'll know why those who drive for pleasure drive Studebaker Eights. And you'll understand how these champion cars have made Studebaker reigning favorite among all eight-cylinder motor cars.

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Studebaker builds three champion Eights. The Dictator, $1195 to $1395; The Commander, $1495 to $1845; and The President, $1765 to $2495. All prices at the factory.

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"A shop well-frequented, because well-stocked" is the reason the Sherry chef gives for the popularity of the Sherry Table Delicacies Shop at Madison Avenue and 62nd Street. Rare viands, and necessities of first quality, including even such specialties as

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CALVES' FOOT JELLY in glass... orange and lemon flavors... made to order in the Sherry kitchens... $2.50 the quart... also port, madeira and sherry wine flavors... $1 the 13½ oz. jar.

BROTHS... beef, clam and mutton broths made to order in the Sherry kitchens... $2 the quart.

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[Also the best cream, butter and eggs; the finest imported and domestic honeys; fresh fruits in and out of season—all always available at Sherry's, Madison Ave. and 62nd St.]

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"LATTICE" TEA BISCUITS... A Sherry-approved importation from England... $1.25 the box (also a complete assortment of the best British biscuits and wafers).

SHERRY TEA... Sherry's own blend, as served in the Sherry restaurants... $2.50 for 50 individual bags in tin; bulk, $2 the pound tin.

MARRONS IN SYRUP in glass... specially imported for Louis Sherry... $1.50 the 19 oz. jar; $3 the 36 oz. jar.

LARGE FRENCH PRUNES in glass... specially packed for Sherry... stuffed, 75c the ½ lb.; $1.25 the lb.; $2 the 2 lb. jar. Plain, $1.50 the lb.; $2.50 the 2 lb. jar.

CALIFORNIA PRUNES... De Luxe Imperial brand... mammoth size, hand-picked... in flavor-retaining wooden boxes... $6 the 5 lb. box.

LEBKUCHEN... from Nüremberg come these delicious honey holiday-cakes... packed for Sherry in festive tin boxes... $1.75 the box.

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COLLEGE LUNCHEON

THE cordial letter urging you to come to the Blank College annual luncheon. The reminiscent mood. The morbid curiosity. The ticket which at least entitles you to a meal.

The delay in starting, owing to your inability to keep any ticket for more than twenty-four hours without mislaying it. The dash to the subway. The train which pauses wearily between stations. The hotel lobby which seems overheated. The clerk who has never heard of Blank College. The bellboy who says hopefully that there's a big luncheon in the green dining-room but he thinks it's mostly gentlemen. The earnest-looking woman you recognize instantly as a fellow alumna. Her resolute air suggesting that she knows where she is going. The pursuit. The elevator. Her statement that it's a little late but she was detained by important business. The implication that you have no important business and might have been on time.

THE ballroom, very elegant and gilded. The hundreds of strange and slightly hostile women. The effort to hide behind pillars until you find out where your class is sitting. The discovery that your class table is full and that most of the people are total strangers. The lack of any vacant seats. The sensations, unequalled since you arrived late at your first college lecture. The feeling that perhaps the best plan would be to get them to give you your luncheon on a tray in the hall.

The sympathetic waiter. The masterly activity. The extra chair. The blank looks from twelve of your former classmates. The remaining five who greet you with pleasing cordiality. The tepid grapefruit. The soup of the same inspiring temperature. The chicken which, though young, must have been very active. The conversation which is strained but conscientious. The wives and mothers in afternoon dresses with discreet diamonds. The young busi-

THE SOCIAL CALENDAR

1930 — January

PALM BEACH — DINNER AT "WHITEHALL"

Luminously lovely as Florida's starlit nights—"LA LOIE" Silvel, the DURABLE transparent velvet, makes the perfect wrap accompaniment to the sweeping beauty of new-line evening frocks. This exquisite fabric swathes the figure softly, flatteringly in living color, because of its *all-silk georgette back* . . . Its durability is valiantly meeting the severest of all tests—in hundreds of performances of THE VELVET REVUE now touring the country.

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A captivating variety of French perfumes very reasonably priced because of lower Customs' duties. Jeanne Lanvin's famous "My Sin" and the newly created "Amour Espagnol" (Spanish Love) are among the favorites, sold exclusively by El Encanto.

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So accomplished are our modistes in the creation of Typical Spanish costumes that El Encanto has designed most of the prize winning models of recent years.

Write for our interesting new TOURIST BOOK

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Cuba's Largest and Smartest Department Store

Branches at the Hotel Sevilla, Hotel Almendares, Hotel Presidente, and also in the city of Camaguey, Cuba

ness women in black with costume jewelry. The girl who gives you a pretty good idea of what it feels like to be a buyer. The girl who would probably be as entertaining as ever if she weren't sitting next a stout, dreary young woman who used to recite the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" in Spoken English and who still believes that to be funny is not quite kind or nice.

The canned pear salad that is just room temperature. The ice cream, dyed green for no good reason and so hard it can be eaten successfully only with the aid of an icepick. The petits fours, pallid but nutritious. The coffee which is unexpectedly scalding. The consciousness that for the first time in your life you are longing for the speeches to start.

THE scraping of chairs. The difficulty in catching even a glimpse of the platform. Your pleased surprise when the toastmistress turns out to be not only decorative but amusing. The awed whisper that her words should be preserved in shorthand. Your cynical conviction that she probably has a typed copy. The speech about new buildings and higher salaries for professors. The speech about larger ideals and more elective courses. The brief address by an undergraduate who reveals the startling fact that girls smoke in college.

The speech by the president. The rush of emotion which you would be the first to condemn as sentimental. The awakened loyalty. The applause. The mob enthusiasm. The tendency to go up and shake the president warmly by the hand. The tendency to gather in groups exchanging vital statistics. The three luncheon engagements with people you will doubtless find very agreeable. The promise to have tea with a girl you hope will be called out of town in the near future. The strain of being reminiscent. The strain of trying to explain what you have done since you left college. The merciful escape. The exhilaration. The rebound. The gratitude that annual luncheons can't possibly happen more than once a year.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

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TRESPASS NOTICE—The public is hereby notified not to drive or trespass on the west one-half of the southwest quarter of Section Two, Township Ninety-One, Range Nine, or stand the consequences. —*Oelwein (Iowa) Register.*

Or get all mixed up.

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FASHIONS for the South are new and exciting this season. Paris has given us an entirely new silhouette, developed in entirely new fabrics. The least important tennis frock has a new manner, a new feeling. Beach costumes are interestingly different. Afternoon costumes have a new and romantic charm. Evening gowns have a true and important beauty of line and fabric unknown to us for many seasons.

It is a brilliant season, and each of the Individual Shops for women and misses offers some of its beauty, carefully selected, for the perfection of your Southern wardrobe.

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Fashions For Men

"NONCHALANT"

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$50

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN OF CENTRAL PARK WEST

(A Ballad of the Traffic Rules)

From Central Park East to Central Park West
Is a half a mile or so at best,
But the journey will take you an hour at least
From Central Park West to Central Park East.

Oh, the roads run south, and the roads run north,
And they twist and turn in a devious way,
And the luckless wight who ventures forth
Will ne'er see home again that day.

A man there was, intrepid, bold,
Who held that laws were made for fools,
Who sallied forth, so I've been told,
To brave the Whalen traffic rules.

He dwelt among the untrodden ways
(I mean the street hight Amsterdam),
A man whom there was naught could faze
Not e'en a tangled traffic jam.

A yellow taxi hailéd he,
'Twas gaily dight Fifteen and Five;
"Quick, taxi-driver, take thou me
From here unto the eastern drive."

Oh, the roads run south and the roads run north,
And they twist and turn in a devious way,
And the luckless wight who ventures forth
Will ne'er see home again that day.

The driver stepped upon the gas,
When, lo, his frighted eyes did meet—
As though to say "Thou shalt not pass"—
An arrow reading "One Way Street."

Again upon the gas he pressed
As round he turned his taxi's head,
Then gaily speeded toward the west
When all at once the lights turned red.

A cruel, baleful, gleaming red
That stoppeth traffic in its tracks;
That freezeth, as a Gorgon's head,
The strength of taxicabs and hacks.

The driver swore a mighty oath,
Likewise did swear the passengere,
Then boldly northward turned they both
Upon the West End thoroughfare.

They journeyed east, they journeyed north,
They journeyed far from dawn to dark,
Through Eighty-third and Ninety-fourth
Until at last they reached the Park.

Into the Park then plunged the twain
Like shrapnel from a cannon's mouth,
When, lo, their eyes beheld again
A barbéd arrow pointing south.

Then sware again that passengere,
By all his household gods he swore,
"I'll give my blesséd soul if e'er
I safely reach the eastern shore."

"Oh, Isaac Gellis hear my plea!
Oh, Pomerantz and Rubens too!
My blesséd soul I'll give in fee
If I but reach Fifth Avenue!"

They say that now on stormy nights
Hard by the brazen Bolivar
With muffled horn and darkened lights
There speeds a silent ghostly car.

The road runs south and the road runs north,
And it twists and turns in a devious way,
But the luckless wight who ventures forth
Will ne'er see home again that day.

—Newman Levy

•

IMPORTANT SALE ANNOUNCEMENT
Now on Exhibition at the John Murray Anderson studios. . . . Chinese lacquer, brass andirons, upholstered suites, etc., by order of Miss Alice Fisher, removed from the Wyoming, also the Old Homestead at Gloucester, Mass., together with the furnishings of a duplex apartment removed from the Hotel des Artistes. Also a well known broker removed from Sutton Place.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Probably with more difficulty than a brass andiron.

A NEW SPIRIT IS ABROAD IN PHILADELPHIA

View from the new Public Library, looking along the Parkway, toward the business district.

A NEW spirit is abroad in Philadelphia. A spirit of progress—in manufacturing, trade and commerce, in education, arts and sciences—quickened by a people who are awake to today's need, and alert to tomorrow's trend.

Philadelphia is writing, today, her greatest chapter in history, with a construction program involving two hundred and eighty millions of dollars.

An era of activity which greatly increases her importance as a sales-producing market.

Philadelphia is the shopping place of America's great *home center* with retail sales amounting yearly to $840,000,000. A tremendous purchasing power which is almost entirely reached by one great newspaper.

The Evening Bulletin has kept pace with Philadelphia's growth for thirty-four years. Building upon the firm foundation of the respect and confidence of the Philadelphia home.

Without the use of premium or contest, The Bulletin, today, has a net paid circulation of 548,573 copies daily . . . among 572,600 homes. A coverage that is unique in newspaper history.

More than *double* the circulation of any Philadelphia evening newspaper; almost equal to the combined circulation of all morning newspapers.

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ADVANCE NOTICE

IT is an oft-told legend of the mauve decade that the late George du Maurier, astroll with Henry James one bland evening in the London of gas-lamps and hansom cabs, outlined for the first time a scheme for a novel that had long been brewing within him. Its scene should be the haze-hung, fondly remembered Latin Quarter in the Paris of the Second Empire, its central figure a grisette, divinely fashioned as a musical instrument but hopelessly and completely tone-deaf. Upon her, a great mesmerist should play so magically that from her throat there would pour forth music such as a world bred on mere Jenny Linds had never heard.

The du Maurier of that evening was no writer. He was an artist on the staff of *Punch*, and in the London of the Seventies and Eighties exercised a force roughly equivalent to the force Charles Dana Gibson was to exercise in the New York of the Nineties. If, at the beginning, du Maurier's sketches did not strikingly resemble the actual denizens of Mayfair drawing-rooms, this did not matter much. For these denizens immediately addressed themselves, with great success, to the business of resembling the du Maurier drawings. His happy notion for a novel, he offered to James as a gift. But the novelist bade him write the tale himself. And made that suggestion so infectiously that du Maurier started writing as soon as he got home, though the hour was then past midnight and he himself was past fifty. He is such a comfort to every senescent fellow who feels sure a good novel would be found within him if ever he could get around to writing it.

Curiously enough, the story on which du Maurier toiled till dawn on that historic night turned out to be not "Trilby" at all, but its gentler and less celebrated forerunner, "Peter Ibbetson." I have always wondered why this was—whether it was due to an impulse to save up "Trilby" until his hand should be more practiced, or whether "Peter Ibbetson" had always lain nearer his heart.

You will find the whole chronicle told again in an immensely engaging volume of essays which has just been published, and which I hereby recommend with considerable fervor to all and sundry. I refer to "Books and the Man," by John T. Winterich. In his du Maurier chapter, I find Mr. Winterich following the polite and familiar pattern, which would have it that James put aside the proffered gift of "Trilby" rather in the manner of Caesar refusing the crown, nobly declining it as a treasure too valuable for any man to accept from another. It does seem to me more probable that James would no more have relished using another man's plot than he would have relished using another man's toothbrush, and that on that famous stroll his heart sank at the thought that here was someone actually telling him another damned plot.

EVEN as "Trilby" was running its course in the 1894 *Harper's*, the passion for it seized upon this country, creating such a hubbub as no book since has even faintly approached. The "Trilby" mania manifested itself in a thousand ways, from "Trilby" dishes on every New York menu, and hotly resented experiments in hypnotism attempted by innumerable hall-bedroom Svengalis, to tableaux from "Trilby" staged by all the amateurs in the country, including, I must add, the ones presented in Kansas City, when the Trilby was Eugene Field's daughter and Trilby's brother was embodied by a sweet-faced child of seven who was destined to grow up into an old meanie.

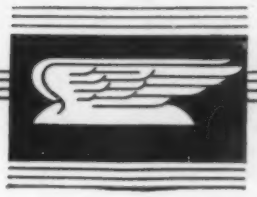
But even in the first fine frenzy of the "Trilby" craze, there were those whom it made jealous, jealous with a jealousy which du Maurier himself could scarcely resent, for it was felt in behalf of this same writer's earlier work which they liked better, and which had not aroused a tenth of the attention accorded its successor. There remains to this day a kind of sulky minority devoted to "Peter Ibbetson," who fairly bridle with satisfaction when, as happens now and again, the old book stirs with intimations of immortality, comes to life again with a suggestion that it may yet outlive its once triumphant successor. Give it time. Give it time. After all, a play, fashioned from its pages when they were new, lay, mute and neglected, for twenty years. The English newspaper man who wrote it, and who waited all that time to see it come to life upon the stage, died three weeks before it was finally produced.

It was produced at all only because it chanced to fall into the hands of the all-conquering Constance Collier, the kind of theatrical angel who spends a lifetime rushing in where fools fear to tread. On behalf of her beloved "Peter Ibbetson," she stopped at nothing, persuading Edward Sheldon to touch up the script, summoning Maude Adams to manage the lights in the electrician's gallery, and then engaging a few Barrymores to help her act it. I shall never forget its distracted first night, in 1917, when the scenery kept tactlessly falling on the younger Barrymore. What of it? In my time I have seen better plays and better performances, but never an evening in the theatre richer in that magic thing we call glamour.

AND now a thousand such memories are stirred again by the news of the theme chosen for the new Deems Taylor opera. It seems it is not to be "Gandle Follows His Nose" after all, nor "Street Scene" either, but our old friend "Peter Ibbetson." Long ere this it has doubtless occurred to Mr. Taylor that here, at last, is a chance for the first bilingual libretto. Let Colonel Ibbetson and the Duchess of Towers speak English if they must, but French should be the speech of old Major Duquesnois, French the speech in the garden of "Parva sed Apta" in Passy, French the speech of the little Gogo Pasquier, playing under the trees with his dear Mimsey Seraskier—*la pauvre petite* Mimsey, who had all the good qualities of the heart and of the head.

This, then, is the first advance notice of "Peter Ibbetson" at the Metropolitan Opera House. I am rushing it into print thus forehandedly in fear lest I read at breakfast some day that, after all, Mr. Taylor has changed his mind again, and for his new libretto is wavering between the "Dere Mable" letters and "A Preface to Morals."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



Leaders are born ..not made

BE it man, or beast, or motor car—if the stuff is not there to start with, leadership at best will be transitory.

Leaders are born—not made!

Six years ago a new word was written boldly across the automobile horizon.

It was Chrysler!

Each succeeding day, each succeeding week, each succeeding month, each succeeding year since that word flashed into prominence, it has continued to mount higher and higher in motordom's firmament.

Nothing has stayed its rise, nothing even momentarily has retarded its progress.

Chrysler sprang into leadership overnight—naturally, inevitably—because Chrysler was a potential leader—a leader at heart—a leader in ideas, ideals and visible accomplishment.

Today, as at the start, what Chrysler does—or proposes to do—becomes the basic standard of efficiency in the realm of motor cars.

To the world-at-large—to trade and public alike—a car either is or is not an approach to Chrysler in engineering, in style and in performance.

It is because Chrysler has acquired and substantiated this generous public confidence that Chrysler owners seldom give second thought to any other car.

Having a Chrysler, they know they have the best. And it is this conviction that causes them so freely to express their pride of ownership at every opportunity.

For, truly, Chrysler's unvarying leadership inspires a pride all its own.

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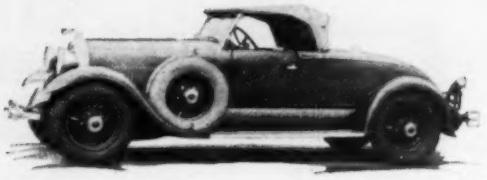

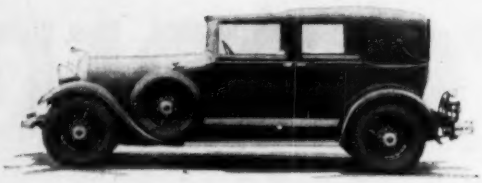

AT THE SHOW...

THOSE critical and discerning owners, who select their motor cars for both aesthetic and practical considerations, will find particular interest in the Theodore Luce-Lincoln exhibit.

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". . . Yes, Rita thought he was a big gun in the theatrical game."

"And he turned out to be nothing but an advertising man. But how—"

"You see, he scooped up seats for the shows so easily. Of course, Rita didn't know about Bascom, just above 44th. . ."

And branches at The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy Plaza, Vanderbilt, Commodore, Belmont, Astor and St. Regis.

THEATRE TICKETS, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

HOCKEY

No Santa for the Rangers
—Some Spares Break In
—The Stanley Cup

AL FRAZIN, who announces over the Garden loudspeaker, likes a capacity crowd. Empty benches alter the reverberations so that his voice is hard to understand. When the Rangers played Boston the night after Christmas, conditions were good for announcing, and for everything else that was tried in the arena that evening. There have been sell-outs before, but never, for an ordinary midseason game, such a crowd as that, with every seat taken and a circle of standees in the top balcony. Crowds of such a size get excited easily, and after Keeling, on a pass from Bourgault, had put the Rangers ahead in the first period, they were on edge for something to make a noise about. When Boston pulled ahead in the third, a penny thrown by someone near the roof landed on our leg. A few minutes later another hit our hat. Clearly, the Garden's customers were splurging that evening—easy come, easy go.

The excitement made you think of the Ranger-Boston game in the play-offs two years ago—the best game that most people around here ever saw. Boston was the favorite even then, but somehow the Rangers beat them. Before the series, people insisted that Bun and Bill Cook and Frank Boucher could never carry the attack alone, and pointed out that they had only some untried spares to relieve them. The spares made their reputations in that series—Murdoch, Thompson, and Keeling. Now they are comparatively seasoned players; another bunch of spares was out there taking falls. Little Orville Heximer, who a few weeks ago was a popular idol in Niagara Falls, skated nervily but without much success into the heavy Boston defence; Hitchman caught young Goldsworthy near the boards and spun him in a double somersault that nearly broke his neck. It was not a particularly rough game—there were no injuries—but it had the kind of speed that is more punishing than bruises.

THE standing of the Rangers and Boston has changed considerably since the Rangers won in 1928. The game the night after Christmas was the

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ninth consecutive Boston victory. Lester Patrick and the whole New York squad were wild to win it. They had rested and practiced for four days, while Boston came down tired from playing the night before. They knew that if they couldn't beat the Bruins with this advantage, no one would trade much on their chances for another Stanley Cup. The tension in the dressing-room was as high as if a world championship depended on the game, instead of two points in the league standing. Patrick, on a schoolroom chair, sat chewing gum, and smoking at the same time, with his coat open and his hat on the back of his head. On the benches the players sat as motionless as dummies; some bent forward with their elbows on their knees, some slumping back against the lockers, one or two—these new spares, not tired yet—sitting up straight. They all looked up at once when anyone came in, but no one said anything until a fist banged on the steel door to let them know the first rest period was over. Then Patrick jumped to his feet with his usual brief, tense exhortation to go in there and get them, and his players got up slowly and marched in single file, gravely and rather stiffly in their padded armor, out to the rink.

WE are incurably partisan. We don't give a darn about seeing the best team win. We attend games to cheer for the local boys. We were disgusted when Barry, whom the Americans once tried out and returned to the minors, whammed a long goal past Roach. It was a freak, you understand—they thought he was only stalling while his pals were in the penalty box. There was a critical moment when Bourgault yelled at Paul Thompson—Bourgault thought he had the check, but Thompson, seeing Cooney Weiland clear with the puck, played safe and tripped him, and took a penalty that weakened the Rangers for another score. In fairness we'll admit that Boston has a pretty good team, but supposing some of them get hurt, and Chicago loses a couple of games, and then the Rangers get in second place, and play Boston—well, if half the Boston team, let's say, were sick, the Rangers would clean up, and don't forget it. —N. B., JR.

•

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT FROM 1,000 LAYING HENS?—*Headline in the Farm Journal.*

Why, eggs, roughly speaking.

AS *social accessories these Cars are . . invaluable!*

Arrive at the most *recherché* function, preceded and followed by the most exclusive private motors in town—*you* are not only *among* them, but *of* them.

In other words, the impression created by these *new* Packards is too *smart*, too *luxurious* and too *correct* to be questioned! Yet you use them *à la carte*—and *economically!*

New Custom Eight Packards
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RATES $4 an hour for 5 hours or more—$5 an hour for 4 hours or less. Sundays and Holidays: $5 an hour for 6 hours or less, $4 an hour thereafter.

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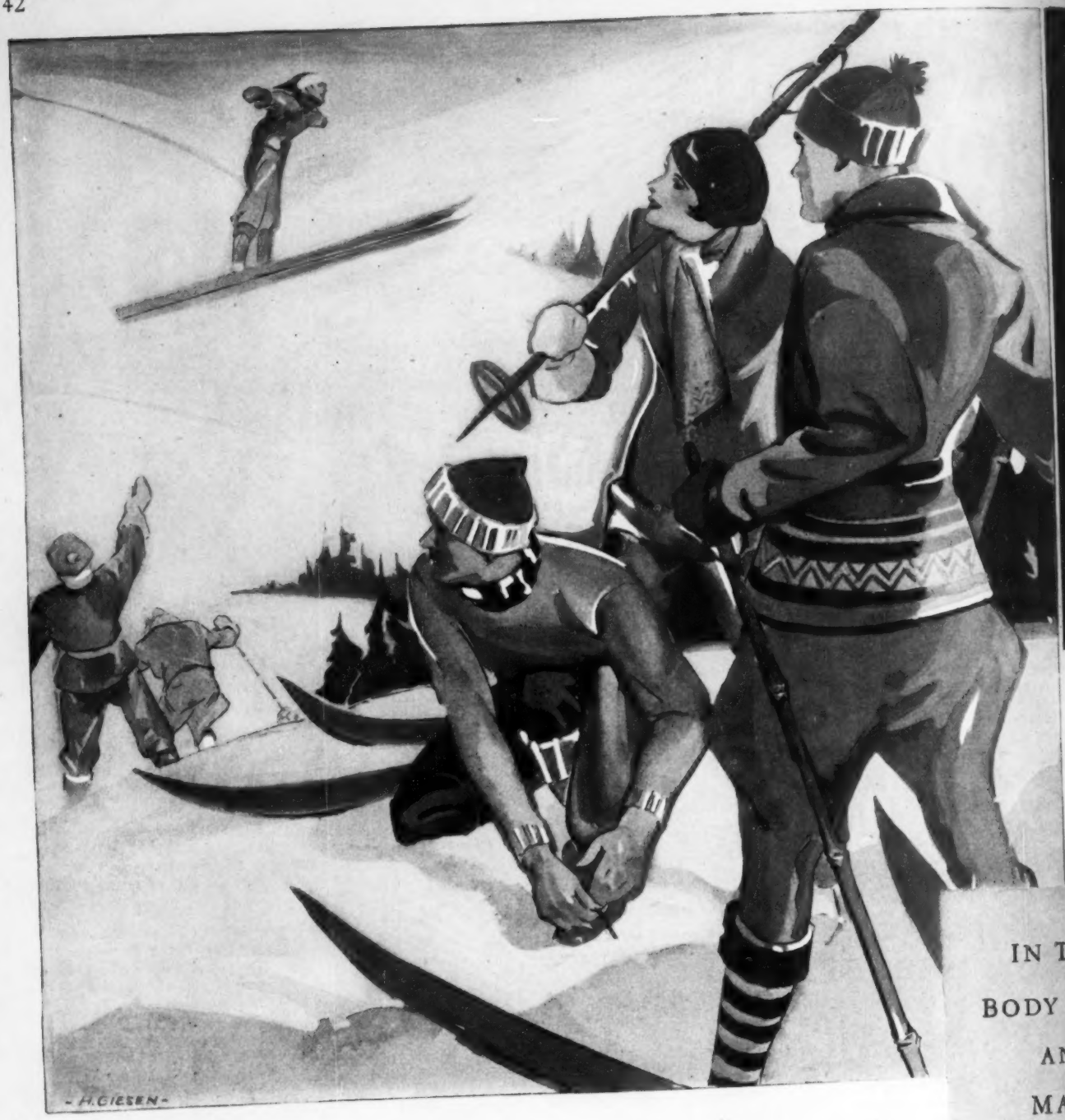
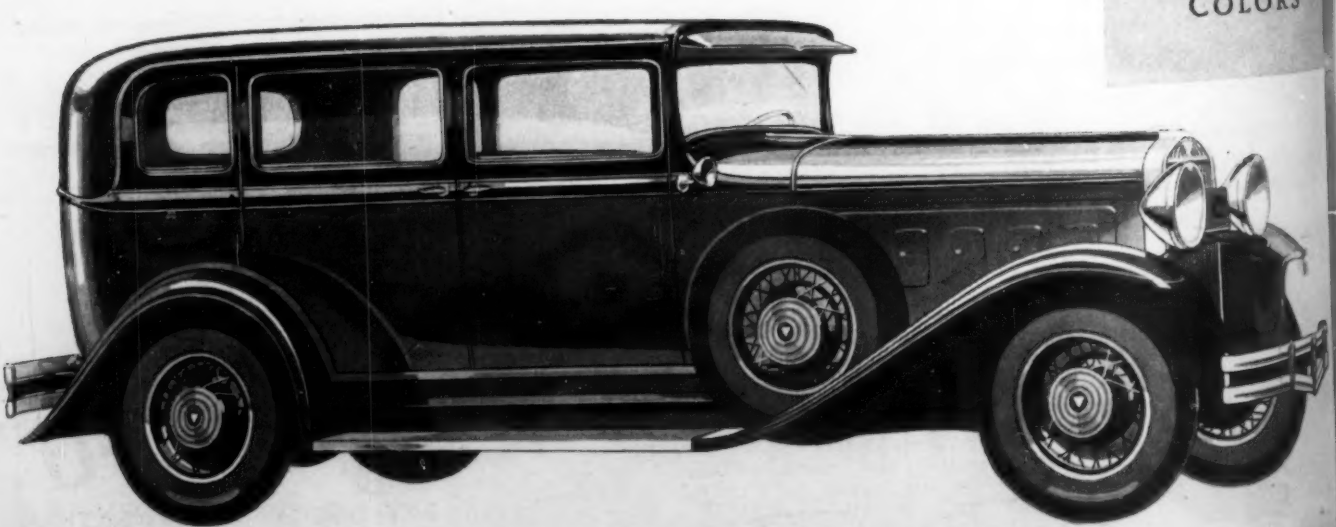


IN TEN
BODY TYPES
AND
MANY
COLORS



NEW MOTOR

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There is a **NEW TYPE** *in Motordom*

HUDSON'S *Great* 8

It supersedes all Hudson achievements of the past

It sells in Hudson's well-known price range

This is a new type. This is Hudson's Great 8. So tremendous its advancements that Hudson's famous achievements of the past are unhesitatingly set aside to produce it.

The motoring world thoroughly understands that no ordinary car or merely conventional eight would be entrusted to take up the onward stride of Hudson leadership. How searching, then, the tests, and supreme the proofs that we have required of it.

It is a complete new car throughout. Important in principle is the relation of horse-power to car weight. It accounts for unusual alertness in get-away and in speed. It contributes much to operation economy.

Here, then, is performance more flexible and smooth in all ranges than any in Hudson's famous past. Here is quicker get-away and greater hill-climbing ability. Here is a motor so smooth and powerful that it imparts a new riding sensation—active, free, effortless.

Equal distinction marks appearance. Bodies in modernistic design have new contours, new finishes. Individuality and distinction is outstanding. There is such a wide variety of colors that buyers can make their own personal selection.

Only a car possessing these qualities in pre-eminent degree could earn the right to carry on Hudson leadership. It sells in Hudson's well-known price range. It must continue Hudson's reputation for producing the world's greatest value. And it questions the wisdom of ever paying more for any car.

NEW BODIES NEW THROUGHOUT

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Tentative Modernism—More and More Eights—Instrument Boards à la Stravinski

THOSE who make a point of being in touch with motor fashions will find plenty of material for discussion at the Automobile Show, which the Grand Central Palace is sheltering, January 4–11.

The débuts are many, and of a type not to be ignored. Hudson, Oakland, Graham, and Hupmobile, for example, are presenting their youngest, and the sophistication of these cars, and the new special frocks of those that were introduced somewhat earlier in the season, are more than a little diverting. We see here the rise of the *révoltés*, for the exhibit may be described as an adventure in Tentative Modernism. Pretty tentative, to be sure, but much more alive than one might expect from a mass-production show.

The Hudson and Essex instrument boards are the sort of thing we are thinking of: all kinds of trick planes and angles. You really have to be under twenty-five to get a complete thrill from them, but they'll produce some stir in your veins unless you are entirely decrepit. Nor must you forget to look at Hupmobile's achievement in the same field.

YOU will, of course, hear a lot this week about eights, and we imagine that Studebaker and Marmon are laughing up their respective sleeves at the number of double-quartet motors introduced for 1930. Nash, Hudson, Oakland, Graham, Hupmobile, and Peerless are now among those flying that banner—either for the first time, or over new eights that supplement earlier models.

We cannot believe that an eight is the only engine to own; we have handled a wide variety of sixes which developed all the power and smoothness one can use. In fact, any choice between the two types rests mainly with the performance of the motor in question. The trend, however, is so strong that it is certain the eight-cylinder car has become a recognized fashion in the medium-priced field.

The next curious evolution in this show is the frequent use of doors instead of ventilating slits in the hood. We recall Dietrich employing these in special bodies for Packard. Then they became increasingly popular at the Salons. Now we note them on standard Packards, and on the Graham line (which, incidentally, is no longer called Graham-Paige). Franklin's bodies, in the de Causse school, use a door here and a door there, about as the spirit moves. These early attempts are all more or less the same shape—three inches wide by six high, we would estimate. Given a little encouragement, though, there is no limit to what a body-designer might do with this idea.

WE have alluded before to the fact that the Buicks, Packards, and Nashes are all longer, possibly in expectation of a more stalwart race of passengers. Marmon has its new big eight, and now Hupmobile presents its Model U, which is almost eleven and a half feet from front to rear hub.

One of the most trying problems of the motor couturier is the waistline—the body and the chassis must be put together with a maximum of unity, avoiding a shirtwaist-and-skirt effect. The advantage of the Weymann bodies on the Stutz is that the fabric construction permits a continuation of the body down to the running-board—rather like a middy blouse. However, in general the ateliers have not dealt with this problem very satisfactorily. Sometimes a molding at the base of the body, as in certain Buicks, carries off the effect with verve. Sometimes a satisfactory solution is found through the use of sweeps of color, as in Chrysler and Reo; but more often we find that the connecting line between body and chassis has been left as just one of those things.

WITH the advent of the Cord car (and Moon-Windsor taking over the Ruxton), much impetus is given to the front-drive mechanism, and its effect on the longer silhouette. Nearness to the ground is not beautiful in itself, but it does help, and the carriages on exhibition have been designed with bullet lines which are highly successful.

THERE is rather less of a change in radiator shells than one would expect. The Chrysler family, which includes the DeSoto, Plymouth, and Dodge Brothers coteries, adheres to the very narrow chromium outline. The Dodge has a slightly wider shell, in recognition of its tradition for solid lines. In fact, the Dodge Brothers' bodies, with their rather wider moldings and generally substantial air, show that one may wear a dinner coat without losing the virtues of Main Street.

UNDERGRADUATES who received a Christmas cheque generous enough to cover the price of a week-end car will find a considerable assortment for less than $1,000. Chevrolet and Whippet exhibit several rather neat roadster and coupé models; the Oldsmobile offers its acceleration as a lure; and the Pontiac sport roadster

PRESENTING · THE

133 HORSEPOWER HUPMOBILE · EIGHT

SUPREME IN POWER

90 MILES AN HOUR

ABSOLUTE RULERSHIP OF THE ROAD

Following the sensational triumph of the new 100 horsepower Hupmobile Eight, introduced in October, Hupmobile now presents its second new Eight . . . The 133 horsepower Hupmobile.

Here is the Straight-Eight motor developed to its ultimate. Here is a car for the motorist who wants absolute mastery of the roads. With nothing left to be desired . . . in power, in speed and flexibility, in beauty, in comfort.

Here is the new monarch of the Eights, perfected by a Straight-Eight pioneer. Come see it . . . ride in it . . . drive it. You'll agree that it sets a new low cost for the utmost in luxurious transportation.

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Radiator-cooled lubrication; the most definite advance in lubrication since the pressure feed . . . Double down-draft carburetion; increasing volume and intensity of each cylinder explosion 12 to 18% . . . Instant cold weather starting by fumer device attached to carburetor.

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5-passenger 4-door Sedan, custom equipped Town Sedan, Standard Coupe with rumble seat, Convertible Cabriolet. Prices range from $1985 to $2170. All prices quoted "at factory." Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

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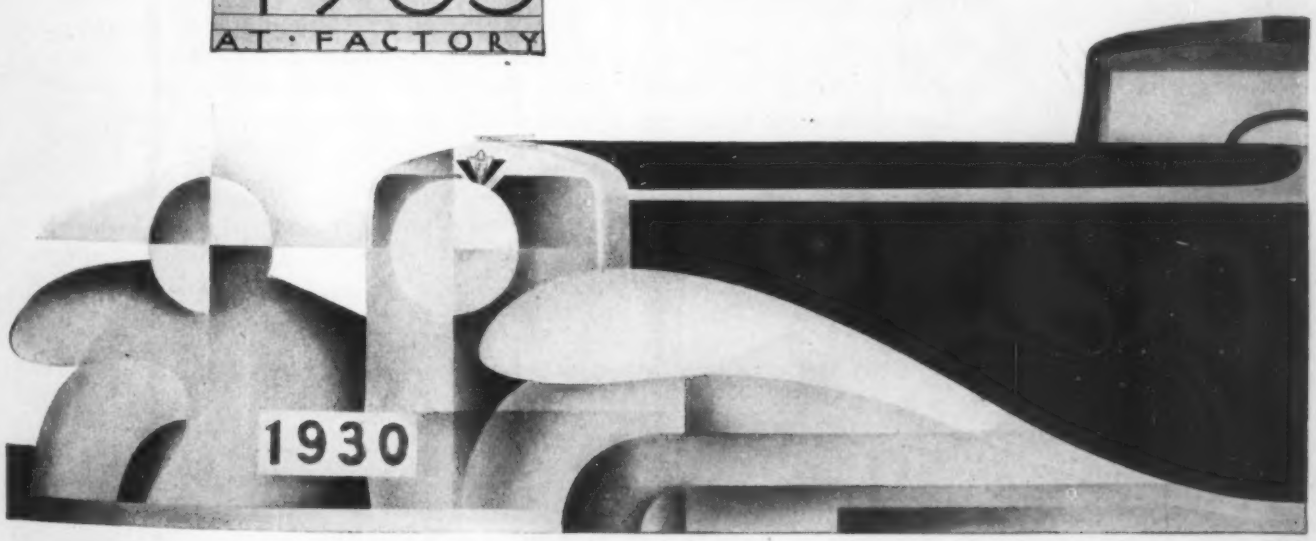

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All in all, a Hartmann is an excellent—and friendly—traveling companion. Marvelously convenient. Built to accept abuse. And available to you in a wide range of colors, models and sizes—sensibly priced. See them. At most good shops or department stores.

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The Hartmann Tourobe holds 3 to 4 suits or costume changes on hangers plus accessories. Price, $20 to $70.
Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks hold from 5 to 20 suits or costume changes. Price, $35 to $400.

with wire wheels has about as much style as anything at that price.

Of course, one can pay somewhat more and get a Marquette, one of the Durants, or the Viking eight. The Erskine has been completely done over along racier lines, and the Roosevelt is an eight which can be bought at around $1,200 in New York.

La Salle, Kissel, Jordan, and Auburn continue their tradition of exhibiting specially designed carriages *pour le sport*—very distinctly Long Island *sport*, too; but La Salle, in many of its models, has surreptitiously become a Cadillac.

Just as the chassis are the progeny of R. E. Olds, Howard Coffin, C. F. Kettering, T. J. Litle, Duesenberg, and others who have made engineering history, so we are now disposed to look for the work of Dietrich, Brewster, Helen Dryden, Urban, Cartier, and others, in design and decoration. We plan next week to give more attention to special models, to interiors, and, for example, to the provocative new designs by Northup for Willys-Knight. And Gardner has some amusing roadsters.

INTERESTED as we are in color and line, we feel very strongly about mechanical improvements. We applaud Elcar's emphasis on spring suspension. We hail Graham's policy of putting safety-glass in all doors and windows as well as in the windshield. And without time to discuss the matter item by item, we are diverted by the Mercedes-Benz and Voisin chassis because they are so different.

Makers are responding in a variety of ways to the demand for quicker starting. On the new Hupmobile big eight one finds a down-draft carburetor which uses gravity to feed the gas in quickly. It also has a fuel pump instead of the usual vacuum tank, and it has two pumps at work pushing the oil around. All that agitation ought to get one somewhere.

Hudson has paid a lot of attention to its motor, too. Here the vacuum tank has a vacuum booster. The carburetor has three different jets, and the choke for cold weather is automatic in its adjustment, in case you are a poor guesser. The ignition system distributes current through two sets of points, which reduces the bother of burned points.

Chrysler, Graham, Packard, Peerless, and Durant are among the exponents of four-speed transmission, and Cadillac has finally brought out its sixteen-cylinder model, which we will discuss later. —NICHOLAS TROTT

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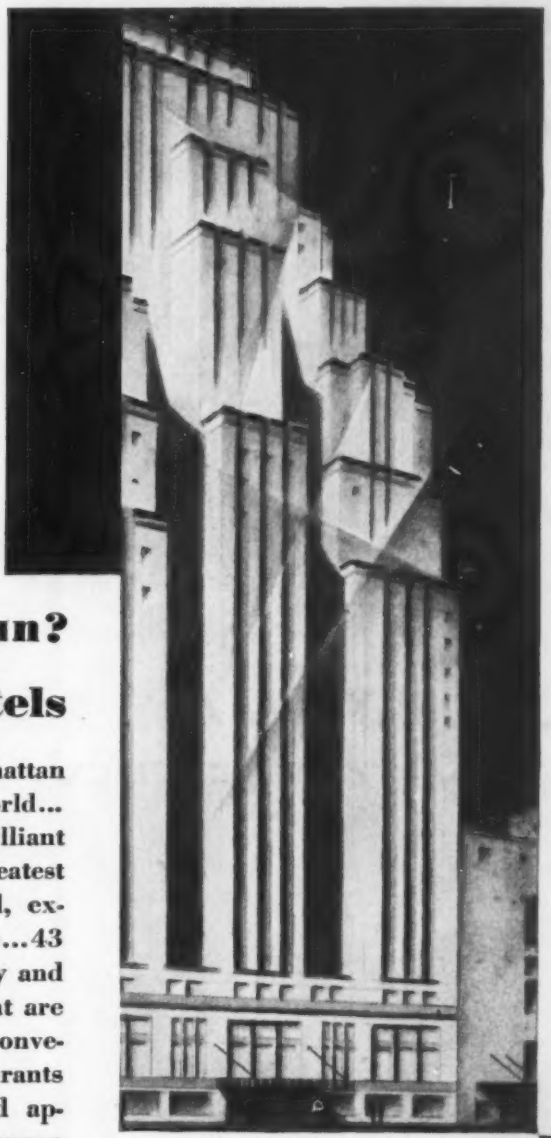
Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel



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The largest hotel in Manhattan and the tallest in the world... in the center of the brilliant whirl of the world's greatest city...the scene of vivid, exciting metropolitan life...43 stories of modern luxury and comfort...with rooms that are models of beauty and convenience...with four restaurants that give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! But more than all this—the New Yorker offers something *decidedly new* in hotels...an individualized service which makes you a *privileged* guest...provides you a friendly, informal hospitality that's refreshingly old-fashioned in spirit, strikingly modern in manner!

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

With Music—Grim Moments and a Revival—Moissi as a Talkie

THERE was a great influx of movies along with the New Year's resolutions, but nothing much to distract you from thoughts about the cards you did not send—or get. Probably the Ramon Novarro picture, "Devil May Care," at the Astor, is the most attractive of the lot.

"Devil May Care" is a light, romantic little piece with musical moments, and a story laid in the days of Napoleon. Novarro is a gallant and loyal Bonapartist who has the misfortune to fall in love with an equally fervid royalist. It is this heroine's fate to find her love affair much involved with the political unrest of the period, so much so that she may hardly ever hope to retire without a troop of soldiers crashing her bedroom in search of an escaped prisoner. Again and again she has scarce time to slip into her mules and her negligee before an army invades the boudoir. Of course, the refugee is invariably her tumultuous suitor, who is charmed enough by her to overlook her partisan views. Disguised as a groom, at one time, in the château where she is visiting, this young Bonapartist has more facile and tranquil opportunities for his courtship, which is only slightly complicated by his supposed position as a domestic. It is during this period that he has the chance to sing, very agreeably, the best song in the picture, a plaint with the general theme of "How can you be so charming while you are breaking my heart?" The songs and the importunate violences of her lover do at last win the lady's heart, just at the time that Napoleon returns from Elba, and we are allowed to imagine the lovers happy forever.

THERE is, of course, music in the talkie version of "Sally," at the Winter Garden, but curiously enough not as much music as we might like, and no new knockout tunes either. It is one of those musical comedies which take their plots and dialogues seriously, although the "book" hardly

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deserves such conscientious treatment. "Sally" is all in color—pastel greens and blues, the familiar Technicolor tints—with Marilyn Miller a charming pink streak flickering on and off, and dancing delightfully.

EXCEPT for the cantatas of Helen Kane, the Boop-Boopa-Doop Girl, in "Pointed Heels," the other pictures lack the charms of song. Helen Kane's somewhat bizarre talent is really the most substantial element in this film. It is based vaguely on a Charles Brackett story about a young woman in the chorus who marries a high-brow musician of the sensitivity and impracticality traditional to his type.

Cecil B. DeMille has produced his first talking picture in "Dynamite," and has contrived to fill it with almost everything one might expect in a film that runs about two hours. There are scenes of high living in most startlingly modernistic apartments, grim moments in bleak little mining towns, and a grand finale down in the mine when the walls give way.

"Hell's Heroes" is an even grimmer picture, rather an interesting tragic one about the prolonged agony of three men stranded on a western desert with a baby on their hands. It's the kind of story that reconciles us to the subway. "Tiger Rose" is also on the serious side—drama in the Canadian forests, with Lupe Velez in a continual state of unrest. At the Earl Carroll Theatre something more gay may be found, though most of us have grown somewhat weary of the story as the years have gone by. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" can hardly be thought a fresh and novel idea now, and the farce shows the strain of age, though Richard Dix plays nicely the young author who dares to write a book in twenty-four hours in a snow-bound, deserted summer hotel.

I SUPPOSE the more intellectual group will ignore these trifles to troop down to the Fifth Avenue Playhouse in order to see Moissi in "The Royal Box." This is the first talking picture in German offered here—a fact that doesn't delight me as much as it may some, though I did catch the Hamlet speech, "Zu sein oder nicht zu sein," which Moissi renders in his part as Edmund Kean. As the talking machinery seemed somewhat rheumatic, I thought I did very well to do that much. I must say I found the story pretty creaky, and I was not in the least impressed by the great Moissi as a screen actor.

—J. C. M.

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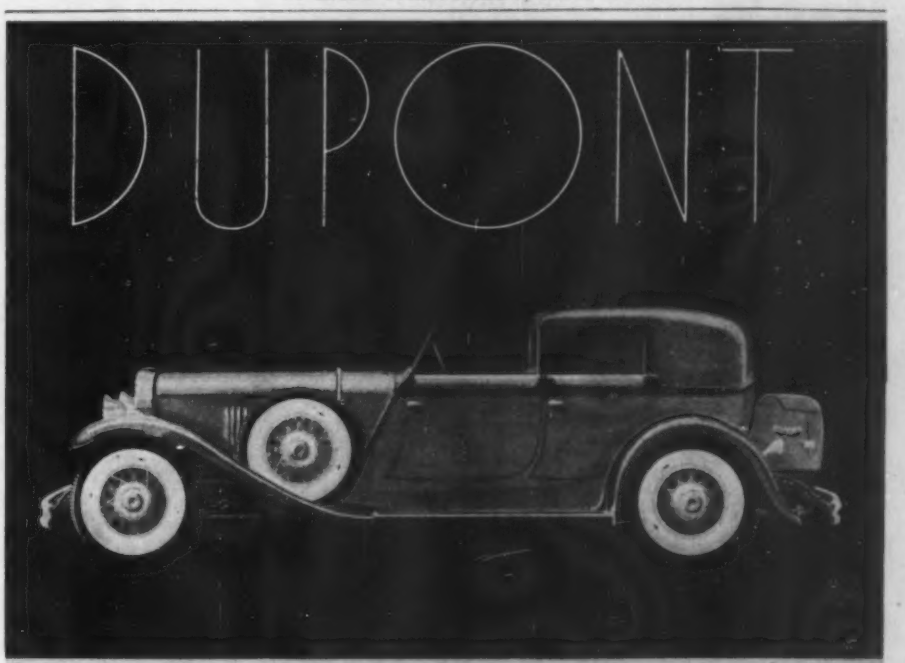

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dP DUPONT

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE JERSEY LILY

IN that anything-but-open book, the life of Lily Langtry, there was, of course, a New York chapter. It was as vivid as the rest written in her heyday, although in this gauche country there were no royal backs down which to drop bits of ice.

She came here only a little over a year after she had attained the height of her London fame. She had long since been hailed as the beauty of the world and she had made her stage début. She came, in fact, to act.

The Arizona, of the old Guion line, brought her over, and there were throngs at the dockshed to catch a glimpse of her as she came down the gangway. At the forefront of them all was none other than Oscar Wilde, here to lecture and to have a turn as guest dramatic critic, waving his inevitable lily. That was on October 23, 1882.

Within twenty-four hours her reign had begun. Modistes were busy making for dowager and débutante clothes that conformed to the severely simple style she affected, and hairdressers were booked a week in advance to transform every kind of coiffure into a single heavy plait halfway down the neck, and short curled bangs.

Her première in Mr. Tom Taylor's "An Unusual Match" had been announced for the night of October 30, and so great was the demand for tickets that it was finally decided they should be auctioned off so that no favoritism in their distribution could be charged. A gentleman of the Stock Exchange officiated at this affair, and when his hammer had swung for the last time, a total of twenty thousand dollars had been gathered in.

All was in readiness, then, for her opening at the old Park Theatre, at Broadway and Twenty-second Street. Then, at five o'clock on the scheduled night, it took fire and, in spite of all that could be done, burned to the ground. Lester Wallack, however, came to the rescue with an offer of his playhouse, and on the night of November 6 the fortunate bidders (and they were the town's elect) gathered to see what they should see.

Next day everyone, it seemed, was agreed as to Mrs. Langtry's marble beauty, although the critics were not altogether carried away by it. They, in fact, ventured the opinion that she was nothing more than an amateur, at best. There was a single exception. The visiting Mr. Wilde insisted that she was an actress, too.

Actress or no, Mrs. Langtry was a sensation. The theatre could not accommodate the crowds, and she was in great demand socially. She stormed the Stock Exchange to sell tickets to a benefit "coffee klatsch," and bulls and bears abandoned their favorite issues to bid for the charity tickets. She swept across the street, crashed the private office of old J. P. Morgan himself, and sold him half a dozen.

LILY LANGTRY, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT

HAVING brought her own chaperon with her from England, she was very much on her good behavior. Then one night she met Freddy Gebhard. He was thirty, a man very much about town. From his father he had inherited a goodly fortune and a trust fund which provided an income of ninety thousand dollars a year. He almost fell at her feet in adoration at that first meeting, and when, next day, he took her on her first sleigh ride, behind a pair of fine horses from his excellent stable, she was ready to fall at his.

When the time came for her to go on tour, it was Freddy Gebhard who bought her a private car and furnished it as though it were Cleopatra's barge. He went along, too. He made no effort, apparently, to mask his adoration and yet, when a St. Louis editor dared refer to it in print, he called the man a liar and then calmly sidestepped the gentleman's challenge for a duel.

When they came back to New York Mrs. Langtry decided that she would make America her home. As if one house were not enough for her, Gebhard bought her two—at 361 and 363 West Twenty-third Street. They were thrown together into one and completely remodelled to suit the Jersey Lily's every whim.

There were marble bathtubs and rows and rows of cedar closets for her extensive wardrobe. She insisted too, that the walls be lined with black walnut from a certain forest in England. It was done. Then she decided that it all must be covered with white enamel, and this, too, was done. In fact it was done in a hundred houses

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in New York simply because it had been done by Mrs. Langtry.

Gay parties without number were held there. Enough champagne was poured to permit the river boats to float right up from their docks a few blocks away. The old house is still standing today, a forlorn structure sunk between two taller buildings. It will soon make way for a sixteen-story apartment house.

Finally, of course, the great love affair waned. Gebhard fell in love with one of the original "Floradora" girls and married her. Mrs. Langtry went back to England. She returned to America several times, playing vaudeville on most of these occasions, and finally settled down on the Riviera "to sit in the sun and remember."

—Russel Crouse

•

THOUGH WINTER SUNSETS WIDEN~

Though winter sunsets widen, bright and far,
And over snow-topped hills stands star on star
Till crowd the figured mythologic hosts
That haunt the night, gigantic silver ghosts—
I miss the beauty of the burning street
Called Broadway, with its swathe of leaping light
Its crowded traffic and ten thousand feet—
I wish that I were back in town tonight!
It's no fun being lonely like a tree
Nor like that metaphor of Wordsworth's cloud,
Where snow and black, bare boughs are all you see
Or stellar ghosts that front immensity—
It's better being lonely with a crowd!

—Harry Kemp

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

It is told of the head of the Dennison Manufacturing Company that one day the thought struck him that he was inefficient. "Miss Blank," he said to his secretary, "follow me around with your notebook and put down everything I do, no matter how small. If I even stoop to pick up a pencil, note it." For two days Miss Blank did as she was directed. When the notes were compiled it was found that sixty percent of this executive's time had been used doing what somebody else might have done as well. —*Industrial Retail Stores.*

Not to mention the way Miss Blank was frittering away *her* life!

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THE ART GALLERIES

When Is a New Museum Modern? — Black-and-White School — Novice

ON our second look around the self-styled Museum of Modern Art, we found nothing to sway us from our first impression. Here are collected some fine paintings, some of the best canvases yet turned out in this country by a group of men and women who, because they work here, are known as Americans. In one small room there are as many fine paintings as you may see in a month. The height of Demuth's best period is here, one or two of the finest things Dickinson has ever done, some excellent Marins, and some O'Keeffes, one of which is an example of her major work. Kuniyoshi's best picture is present, and there are Burchfields, Pascins, and Webers, with Karfiol for those who go the whole way in enthusiasm.

THIS project seems to have aroused the most intense feeling. It was to be expected, and our only surprise is that the painters—as well as the dealers—have taken so long to discover the cloven hoof. When the Museum was first announced, we had our little squawk. We hope we can rest on that until the Museum has fulfilled its purpose and gone its way. While sympathizing with all those who were not among the elect, we cannot join any group intent on burning the place down. Anyone interested in art who goes into the place and comes away with a complete sense of dissatisfaction would burst out weeping because a drugstore trafficked in other things besides drugs.

The fact that the Museum of Modern Art has chosen to exhibit the paintings of men who are in no way modern is nothing that you can go to law about. We cannot feel for anyone who goes to the show and is not able to distinguish the false from the real himself. If he has no discernment, he really is not worth worrying about, from the painter's standpoint. If you could send people to jail for showing non-modern art in a modern museum, the Metropolitan would have been padlocked long ago, and its sere daddies would be in

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Passengers booked on any ship of the Matson Line may use these de luxe Boat Trains. They can board either train at any regular stop of the 20th Century Limited, Broadway Limited or Overland Limited. Make your request for reservations today—at any travel agency, railroad agent, or Matson Line, 535 Fifth Avenue, MURrayHill 3685.

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chains for putting the word "art" in its title.

No, the boys had their chance. So did the dealers. They preferred to fight among themselves and wrangle over minor issues while a group of persons—most of them as remote from the spirit of modern art as any you could assemble—walked off with one of the world's best titles. Since the Armory show this has been public domain. There has been a lot of talk about a modern museum, but in the end it took social graces to bring one into being. Now that the Museum of Modern Art has passed the last frontier, it well behooves artists to find themselves another star to follow.

WE have to admit the Museum has courage. It always states its intentions plainly; and it has some things to boast of: it has caused talk, it has a handsome show place, and it has big names to deal with. Armed with a list of "right people" who have bought paintings, it can assemble a show in a few days that will suit the taste of everybody—that is, everybody on the board of directors.

We are about to start a museum of our own, it is to be called the Modernest Modern Museum. Everyone who ever painted a picture will be invited to exhibit. The canvases will be hung on a moving belt connected with a patent door-spring. When an artist or patron steps on the threshold, only the picture pertaining to him will remain. All the others will vanish.

THE etchings of Harry Wickey are shown too seldom. His latest exhibit, held at the Civic Club, is over, but his prints can be found for the asking at any of the better shops carrying Americans.

Wickey had worked out a sort of poetic rhythm and carried it to a high degree of technical perfection. Whether the subject was sordid or sublime, it was held together by a beautiful continuity of line. An etcher of less fire and purpose might have been satisfied with this considerable achievement. Wickey, however, has spent the past two years in further striving after perfection. His most recent plates—trees, hillsides, and railroad tracks—are a revelation. We believe he has come to a more mature viewpoint, seeing that there is something more permanent in beauty than there is in the ephemera of the sociological aspects of life. There is something of Daumier in Wickey, a touch of Hogarth, and a good deal that has roots away back in the heritage of the really great etchers. He is a fine invest-

ment for you to lay by for your grandchildren, his contemporary appreciation being almost nil.

ANOTHER show of prints is that of the Downtown Gallery, which features something from the tools of the better young Americans. This emporium is becoming the haven of the youngsters who have no attics in which to store their output, and like a little commendation in the form of cash. The show is a good one, with Kuniyoshi, Wickey, Peggy Bacon, Wanda Gag, Fiene, Pop Hart.

CLOSING Saturday, January 4, at the Ferargil Galleries, is the show of Vera M. White, a novice who up to now has been interested mainly in collecting. Miss White has a pretty talent, and in many of her studies a certain sensitiveness that gives promise of better things. Unlike most women painters, she takes advantage of what are supposed to be purely feminine graces and makes good use of delicacy. Some of her landscapes, while very timid in their approach, are of the Marin school of notation, and are certainly on the right track. Her timidity seems to be her worst fault.

HERE AND THERE: The exhibit of F. Luis Mora, recently held at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries, has been lent to the Ethical Culture School .... Pearson, Priessmann, Bauer & Company, casters of bronzes, have opened up a gallery at 545 Fifth Avenue. In addition to their own stock, they will show the work of contemporary men. ... The Public Library, sending the most literary press matter extant, announces an exhibition of portraits in lithography, Room 321.... Etchings and lithos by Eugene C. Fitsch and paintings by Eva Bernstein are at the Morton Galleries. —M. P.

•

MARRIAGE LICENSES
BROOKLYN

ROBER, Miss Sadie, 19 years old, of 525 Jerome Street, and Harry Baron, 37, of 242 East 19 Street, Manhattan.

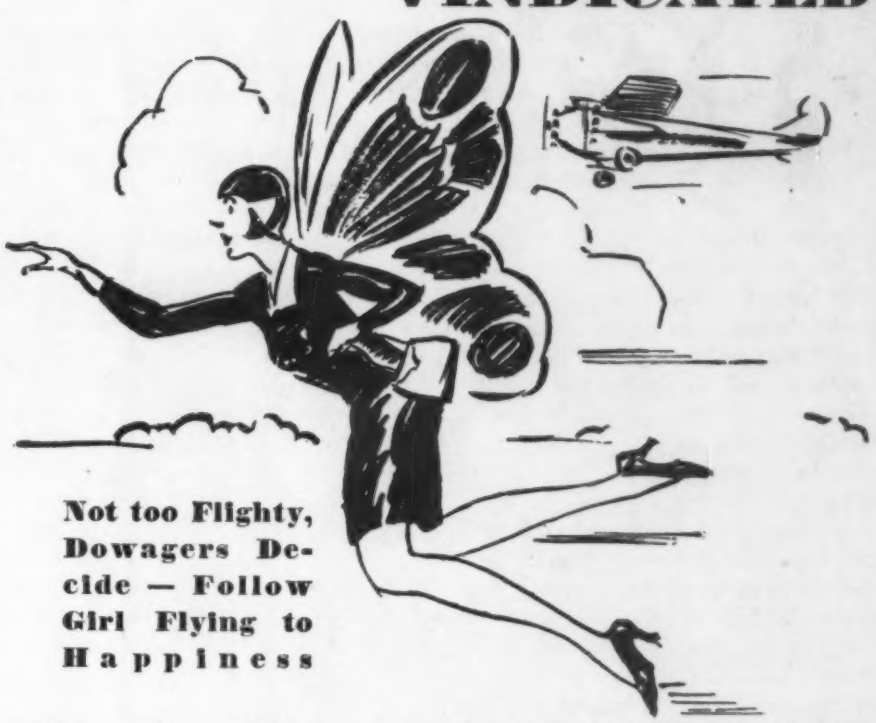
PAULL, Miss Rose, 31 years old, of 2,157 Ocean Avenue, and Harry Baron, 37, of 242 East 19 Street, Manhattan. —*The Times, December 7.*

Marriages

BARON—PAULL—Miss Rose Paull and Dr. Harry Baron married December 6, in Brooklyn, N. Y.—*The Times, December 8.*

That's making up the old mind, Harry!

SOCIAL BUTTERFLY VINDICATED



Not too Flighty, Dowagers Decide — Follow Girl Flying to Happiness

"TOO proud to explain."

With that brief judgment unanimously pronounced, six ladies known as leaders of the social whirl vindicated the name of Miss Primrose Path, light of the younger circle.

"Just a sweet young girl," insisted Mrs. Stone-Mountain of Newport, Northport, and Freeport, tenderly eyeing the swinging doors of a Havana cafe

"Yes, some of us had thought her too flighty. When she disappeared with John Paperhanger, we decided to follow. The trail led straight to Miami and Pan American Airport.

"Once aboard a Pan American Airliner, Havana bound, we understood and forgave all. The three sturdy motors, the dashing, svelte pilots, the romantic radio operator, the solicitous steward—It was all too heavenly.

"And the restful seats by the large, clear windows! We do love our comfort, my dear. Primrose is a wonderful girl."

"And the modern toilet facilities," suggested Mrs. Patience Meek, hopefully.

"Please don't quote *me* on that point," trumpeted Mrs. Stone-Mountain. "I'd rather speak of the wonderful trains to Miami, and the simple, easy connections."

At this point, the ladies rushed to join Miss Primrose Path and Mr. Paperhanger in a drink of sarsaparilla. Hence, they neglected to add that through tickets and reservations may be had at railway ticket offices and leading travel bureaus.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

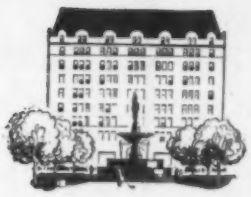
THOSE of you who for years have combed the town in quest of feminine clothes with a flowing and gracious appeal certainly know about the shop of Maybelle Manning, at 14 East Fifty-fifth Street. Here there is a great understanding of feminine fabrics and feminine lines, which reaches its supreme peak in clothes for evening. This year, Miss Manning is making much of a two-tier line that is exceptionally becoming to the figure. Sometimes the top tier is gathered around, remaining flat in front; sometimes it is like a peplum that starts high in front and flares outward and downward toward the hips in back. She loves this last line for jackets, too. Below, the dress is brought very close to the figure at that slim place just beneath the hips, and another full ruffle thereupon starts its voyage to the ankles, sometimes composing a train. This type of line is infinitely varied to suit the individual, naturally. There is a marvellous dress of gray tulle dotted with silver paillettes, having a tiny removable bolero jacket above the shoulder-strap décolletage. Another, of pale blue taffeta, has the peplum at the sides only, though a train starts somewhere below the hips. In black-and-white printed chiffon, the two-tier idea appears again, with two scarves from the shoulders in back caught in at the waistline and forming a train as an extra touch. You see the line developed in one of those long-sleeved dresses of beige lace that people crave for semiformal occasions; and again in black tulle with a butterfly bodice, and with a peplum and train in back.

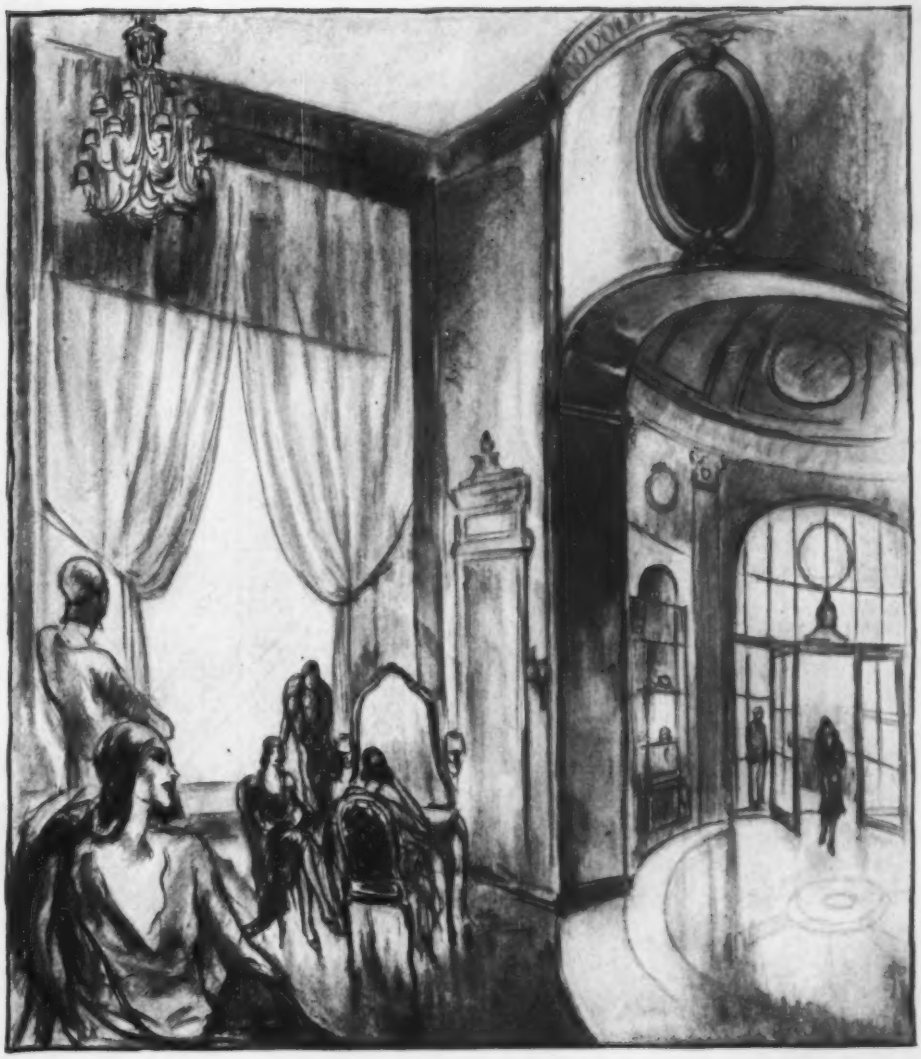
Those of you who want to look Russian and mysterious-like should see a long-sleeved dress of coarse black fishnet over a black satin slip, the very low décolletage front and back made wicked by being filled in, up to the collar bone, with black net. Then, there is a beautiful blue tulle dress, simply and closely fitted, with a ruffled ruching across the hips in front descending downward to outline the train—and an exquisite line it is, too. The same ruching starts on the top of the shoulder and edges the deep oval in back.

For lounging about, look at a long-sleeved simple teagown—all trailing ends behind it—of Patou's modern version of antique brocade. Look at one-piece white satin pajamas with short redingote coats of navy blue crêpe with brightly printed sleeves; at one-piece pajamas of a dark green crêpe, buttoned from the neck down with the severity of a sport blouse, and having gaudily checked green, red, and beige knit jackets over them. Or, if you want the looks of an evening gown and the comfort of pajamas, there is one with a tight bodice top of tulle and a clever piece attached to the yoke of the trousers that sweeps down over the knees and forms a double trailing affair at the rear.

DOWNSTAIRS, Aletha Fadden is showing—in her lingerie shop—some enchanting two-piece sleeveless sleeping pajamas, made feminine by Chinese cut-out embroidery, or by embroidery of the dainty and simple French type. Hand hemstitching also appears. The same kind of work is found on slips, on panties made with a flat yoke across the front, and on the yokes of very good-looking bloomers, to eliminate bulkiness. They are made of that kind of silk which has the look of pussy-willow taffeta and the weight of ninon; and, from personal experience, I know it washes beautifully and retains its sheen as long as it holds together. The things are beautiful for any purpose and ideal for travelling, since they are made without pleats, and are most inexpensive. The po-

"Lapin, eh?
Don't tell me! I used to keep rabbits."





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NASSAU BAHAMAS Isle of June

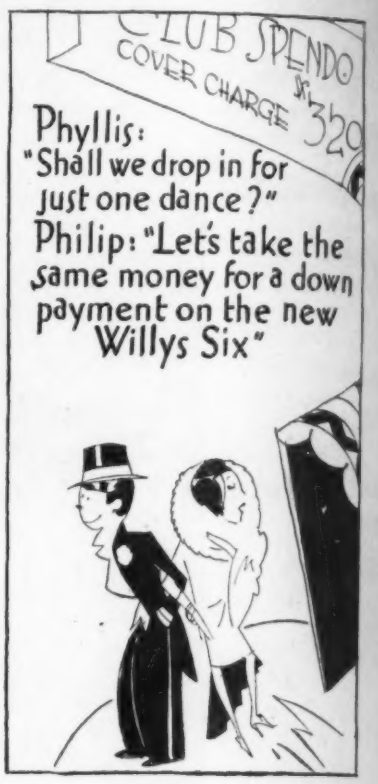
jamas cost thirty dollars a set—unusual for work of this sort.

THIS AND THAT

Post-Christmas Repairs — Ten-Cent Umbrellas — Bachelors' Haven

THE question of restoring the visage to its former care-free state after the orgies of the holidays has already assumed mammoth proportions. Those of you in quest of new fields in the way of facial treatments might immediately hie yourselves to the shop of Adèle Morel, at 24 East Sixty-first Street. Here the products of Dr. Oreste Sinanide of Paris are being used according to his fond beliefs, which are, apparently, well-known abroad. The good doctor believes that creams soften and ferment in the skin, causing it to sag, so his products are in liquid form. There is first a medicated cleanser and tonic lotion; then another liquid that brings the circulation up to the surface with a rush and forces impurities out into the open. After this, they put skin food on your face and neck, and then they produce a contraption that is so much fun you almost forget to relax. It is a little suction cup which, by electricity, is made to breathe hard upon your skin and draw it in and out. It feels more like a massage with strong bunched fingers than anything else and leaves the skin glowing and delicious. Up the spine is the thrill of a lifetime. The treatment is a wonderful circulation stimulator, and the effects are noticeable for days and days.

AMONG the more tried and true beauty houses of the city, Rose Laird's, at 785 Fifth Avenue, is justly famed for its expert touch with skin and hair. Wars on complexion blemishes and dat ole davil dandruff have been waged there successfully for years and years. The skin treatment will clear up any except the most virulent conditions in from five to ten days, provided you follow instructions for home treatments carefully. Its big item is a lotion called Blemish Banisho which, despite the melodramatic name, actually banishoes blemishes. It is designed to pull your troubles to the surface and peel them off in a summary way. The pull 'em and peel 'em process is supposed to do the same thing for adults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Philip: "Let's take the same money for a down payment on the new Willys Six"

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scientifically that the natural peeling processes of nature do for children. All the lotions are made by their own chemist, formerly associated with London M.D.'s, and all of the formulas may be inspected by the profession—which is a nice consoling thought in an era of fancy bottles and fancier labels.

Besides the fact that the salon here gives a superb finger wave, it has invented a hair-drier that sends you out in half the usual time, sans burned spot, damp spot, or cauliflower ear. This is a large-sized aluminum soup-pot with a colander welded within. Suspended over the head like a diver's helmet, the warm air showers out on you evenly through the holes—with the results mentioned.

AND, while we are on the subject of Inventions of the Age, there is a new trifle called the Umby—in case those new signs in drug and cigar store windows bewilder you. This is a ten-cent emergency umbrella for the sudden showers that afflict office workers, shoppers, and other unfortunates. It is a large piece of waterproof black cardboard, opening to the size and general appearance of an umbrella without a handle; there are little slots inside to put your hands on and steady the thing. Before you know it, the Umby will be all over town. Why nobody ever thought of this before is beyond me. I have been kicking myself ever since I heard of it.

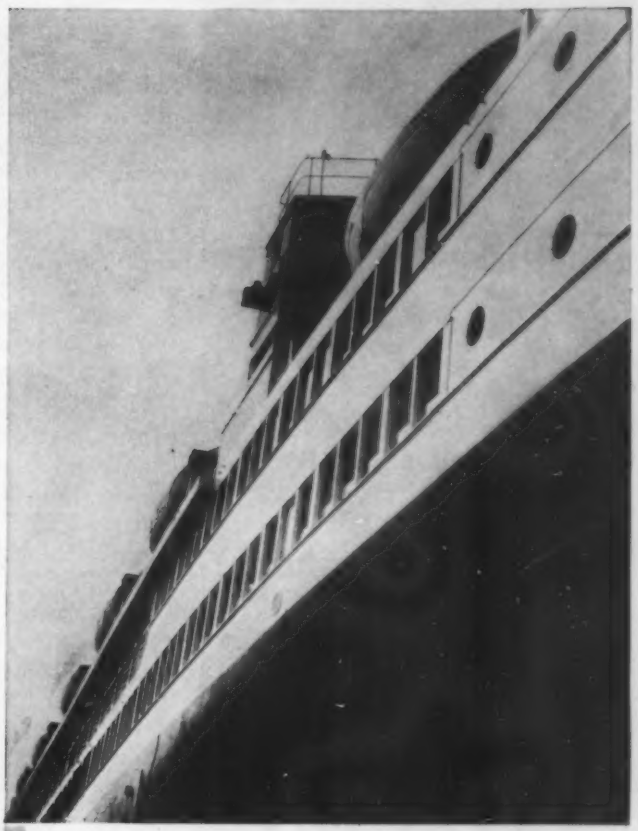
IN addition to the perfectly swell Gotham Knitbac service offered to women at 508 Fifth Avenue, hapless bachelors, or men married to independent wives, should know that they also repair men's socks, matching the silk or wool perfectly and darning them nice and flat for ten cents a sock. You know, of course, about service here on all silk stockings and socks, whatever the sex, damaged by runs—they knit them back invisibly within forty-eight hours at the cost of twenty-five cents for the first run, and ten extra for each additional one. They also have an ingratiating honesty about informing you when the stockings are too far gone for repairs to be profitable. —L. L.

•

The Florence Crittenden League, which shelters destitute and delinquent girls, will receive the proceeds of a matinee next Thursday at the Metropolitan Opera House. The opera will be "Don Giovanni."—*The World.*

Hm-m, a hook-up.

TO MIAMI AND HAVANA



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Havana Special . .	6:50 p. m.
The Everglades . .	10:20 p. m.
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Palmetto Limited . .	2.10 p. m.
Florida Special	8:35 p. m.
Coast Line Fla. Mail .	9:05 p. m.
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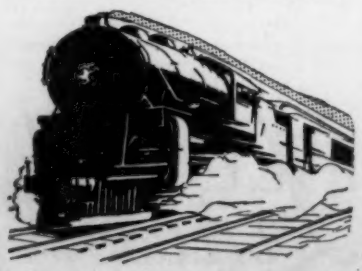

THE PARTIAL-PAYMENT SWIM

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER:
Sirs,

YOUR book reviewer, in discussing "New Worlds to Conquer," suggested that the charming Richard Halliburton may have made a nuisance of himself while paddling painfully through the Panama Canal. Permit me to express my agreement.

It was my fortune to act as unsuspecting local press agent for the exploit. You see, I was Sports Editor on the Panama *American* at the time Dick came through, and the whole thing is rather a painful memory to me. If you would like to hear about it, read on.

It was late one evening when a smooth young man with what I now call a Rudy Vallée personality came to the paper office. He accosted me bluntly and announced that he had permission from the Governor of the Panama Canal to swim through that much-touted ditch. I was alone in the office.

"Why swim it?" I asked.

A dreamy cloud suffused the visitor's blue eyes. "Adventure," he murmured. "I live on it. I breathe it. I live for it. That's why my writings are popular. Do you know I swam the Hellespont? Do you know about Leander, and about Hero?"

Ah, that was it. Of course I knew about Leander, and Hero too. Richard waxed warm. He told me of tossing himself carelessly into sacrifice wells in forgotten cities in Yucatan. He told me of his unceasing search for new thrills. His quiet manner had a hypnotic influence. I listened I listened, and I wrote two columns announcing to the populace that Dick was about to breast the waters of the Canal. Of course, I mentioned the Hellespont, and Leander.

The next day I travelled to Colon to watch him take off. So thoroughly had he impressed me with his quiet strength that I fully expected to see him plunge into Limon Bay (Atlantic side), take a few bold strokes of what is called the Australian Crawl, and emerge, smiling and triumphant, from the peaceful blue of Panama Bay (Pacific side).

Did this happen? No, brother; it did not happen.

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Visiting: NASSAU—HAVANA—SANTIAGO—KINGSTON—COLON—CARTAGENA—CURACAO—LAGUAYRA — TRINIDAD — BARBADOS — MARTINIQUE—ST. THOMAS—SAN JUAN—BERMUDA.
17 DAYS—February 15th
Visiting: PORT-AU-PRINCE—KINGSTON—COLON (Panama Canal)—HAVANA—NASSAU.
17 DAYS—March 8th
Visiting: PORT-AU-PRINCE—COLON—KINGSTON—HAVANA—NASSAU.
17 and 18 day cruises $230 up.
29 days $365 up.

Two Additional Cruises by the S. S. VEENDAM
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(Easter in Bermuda)
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18 day cruise $200 up
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Shore Excursions optional

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(This is not a Correspondence Course)

Byrd took with him, Richard took to the waters of Limon Bay. He swam slowly, painfully. From an escort boat, a guard with a rifle was watching out for alligators.

I watched Dick doubtfully. Since his visit to my office I had checked up on the matter of swimming the Canal, and had found that the feat had been accomplished not less than seven times, and that one man had done it in seventeen hours. From Mr. Halliburton's take-off it required no expert to tell that seventeen hours would be about right for him to get started.

The shock came when Richard had negotiated three and one-quarter miles. At this point he clambered into his boat, put out an anchored marker, and set sail for the shore, quite done in.

"But, Mr. Halliburton," I cried, "I understood you to say that you were going to swim through the Canal, not *at* it."

"Tomorrow," he assured me, "is another day. I shall take to the water where I left off today." With that enlightening statement he was whisked away in a high-powered Chevrolet to his suite in the Washington Hotel. You see, it was tea time. Ladies' Clubs were waiting. The courageous Mr. Halliburton would abandon most any project, I am convinced, ere he would keep a delegation of matrons waiting in idle suspense.

This was a letdown for me. I had, in my madness, written of the swim as if it were to be a non-stop affair. Palpably, there was no story at all to swimming the Canal piecemeal. One could easily navigate the whole Pacific Ocean in that manner.

But I had no escape. I had advertised a feat, and now I had to report what bridge players call a bust. My only defence was to plunge into a lighter vein. So I kidded the story. "Mr. Richard Halliburton," I wrote,

• •

After dark... in Havana...

Then Havana blossoms forth in all its charm and gaiety. The sparkle and glamour of a tropical night urge you to seek adventure. Days are filled with delightful activities... golf, swimming, riding, sailing, exploring. But nights are typically Cuban ... different. Soft, flower-scented breezes stir the sun-warmed air... strum of guitars ... a teasing glimpse of a moon riding high ... at the end of a narrow street. A perfect vacation mood descends upon you ... and you enter whole-heartedly into the throbbing spirit of carnival.

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"who is swimming the Panama Canal for the Bobbs-Merrill Company—" But that's enough, for it was that remark that made Dick mad. He called me on the phone from Colon.

"Please don't say things like that about me. I am not doing this for Bobbs-Merrill any more than Lindbergh flew the Atlantic for the *Saturday Evening Post*." Yep, them was his woids, and I won't add any comment.

For the entire sixteen days (I think it was sixteen days, but like a hard winter, you lose track of time) Dick continued his piecemeal swim. No kidding from the press or razzing from the crowd could deter him. His feat was called a partial-payment swim, an installment marathon, and other terms not highly complimentary.

The apex of the kidding came when he was let through the locks. We found that the cost of putting his weight in livestock through the locks would be 29.7 cents. A wheeze was at once whittled from that. Thirty-cent Dick, he was unkindly called. Further, I was unkind enough to suggest a pair of water-wings and an outboard motor to help him through. But Dick carried on. Like Dr. Eliot's fifteen minutes a day, he finally accomplished the trick, but by that time no one was looking.

And so, friends, I have not yet given myself over to a copy of "New Worlds, etc." Is that all right with you?

Cordially,

FRED C. COLE

PANAMA, R. OF P.,
DECEMBER 20, 1929

•

DUST

There are only forty, fifty, or sixty,
  Seventy or eighty years
To free pine floors of the fluff of
  blankets
  So why should I weep these tears

And hurry and worry and lock up my
  secrets?
  Soon they will all be told
To the stars and comets and sun in his
  glory,
  And my hands and feet will be cold.

—DOROTHY LEONARD

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headlines in the Cleveland News*]

CAPITAL CHEERS BROWN DERBY AS AL MAKES BUSINESS CALL

EX-GOVERNOR MISDIRECTS CAB DRIVER WALES TO CONFERENCE WITH NAVY CHIEF ON BLIMP MAST ATOP HOTEL

MUSICAL EVENTS

Early Verdi Arrives Late —A Fistful of Late Moderns Arrive Early

"LUISA MILLER," the lyric thriller, is founded on a play by Schiller—which may be an unduly rhapsodic prologue for a record of the Metropolitan's most recent revival.

The eighty-year-old relic of Verdi may have been brought to light because there is an orgy of Verdian exhumation under way in Central Europe. Perhaps it was lifted from the shelves for the sake of Miss Ponselle. Possibly it is a work that enjoys uncommon favor with the Metropolitan officials. Whatever the reason, it followed the resurrections of "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Don Giovanni," and, merely as Italian opera, it seemed to be the most successful of the three.

When I toss off an apparently condescending crack like "merely as Italian opera," I am not belittling the value of "Luisa Miller." The production bears every mark of careful and even thoughtful preparation, especially on the part of Mr. Serafin, who cut and rearranged the slightly shopworn opera so adroitly that the present version is clearer and more effective than the original. The story is a familiar tale of love and intrigue, culminating in a potation of poisoned lemonade. The characters, whatever they may have been in Schiller's drama, are of conventional operatic fabric. There are a royal tenor in disguise, a noble rustic baritone, an ignoble, scheming bass, coupled with a somewhat less nefarious bass, a tortured soprano of low degree, and a countess who sings contralto. The lovers are killed off tunefully and there are lamentations from the chorus.

WITH so much by way of libretto, it is plain that the interest in "Luisa Miller" must come almost entirely from the score. It would, of course, have been possible to treat the piece as a music drama. Something of the sort has been done in Germany, but the Metropolitan is not wonted to laboratory presentations. "Luisa Miller" is mounted more scrupulously than "Il Trovatore" or "Rigoletto," but basically it is much the same kind of

Winter Carnivals ...in old QUEBEC

FOUR WINTER CARNIVALS ... all frolicsome, all fun for spirited folk who like a tingle in their blood.

Fête de Nuit, Jan. 20: Québec snowshoe clubs besiege the old Citadel with fireworks . . . the King's garrison defend it . . . snow-fight with rockets ... exciting! Bright blanket coats out, flambeaux and red fire aflare.

Ice Pageant, Feb. 12-13: An ice ballet of breath-taking beauty, put on by the fancy-skating *élite* of Canada. The whole carnival a brilliant social event.

Dog Sled Derby, Feb. 20-21-22: Forty miles each day run behind dog teams, no matter what the weather conditions . . . bigger prize money than ever this year, and more entries . . . sportsmen come from all over the world to see this event.

Bal Masque, Feb. 21: A great costume ball at the Chateau . . . the party that tops off the gaiety of Dog Sled Derby week.

We warn you, make your reservations now! Madame Québec has a house-full of merrymakers all winter long, and even the big warm Chateau has a hard time to house them during fête weeks.

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Expert wintersport instructors ... kit rentable or buyable in city ... through express service from New York and Boston . . . reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue, New York; 405 Boylston Street, Boston; or write Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada.

EGYPT . . . and the MEDITERRANEAN

Egypt

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Egypt . . . when Shepheard's verandah in Cairo is humming with excitement . . . when the season is in the pink and the Race Course at Heliopolis has the air of an Arabian Nights Ascot . . . when the Nile is covered with sumptuously decked dahabeahs and all Europe plays on the fringes of the desert . . . Then the Mauretania times her arrival . . . The sea's aristocrat. The Cunarder that has caught the imagination of experienced travellers as the supreme pleasure yacht . . . the last floating word in transatlantic luxury. Where the world plays in winter, the Mauretania arrives.

She sails from New York February 20th to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche, Naples, Athens, Haifa . . . returns via Southampton.

N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche and Naples . . . . . $275 up.
N. Y. to Athens, Haifa and Alexandria . . . $350 up.

CUNARD LINE

show. It stands or falls on the voices, and, for the time being, it probably will stand.

As an added fillip, there was the return of Rosa Ponselle after an indisposition which had deprived us of her singing for too many weeks. Whatever may have kept Miss Ponselle from the stage, it was nothing that impaired her extraordinary voice. She sang as freely and brilliantly as ever, although her first-act aria made it plain that light coloratura is not exactly her business. When it came to the stand-up-and-deliver vocalism which the rôle demands, she was in her element, and her acting was entirely convincing, even if her wig wasn't. When the roguish Wurm compelled her to write an incriminating letter, she revealed hitherto undisclosed pantomimic resources. All in all, Miss Ponselle had a triumphant return, and now I await her Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni."

Signor Lauri-Volpi, whose voice is the freshest in the Metropolitan tenor contingent, behaved as if he were singing "Di quella pira" through most of the opera. Why a singer who is capable of charming and eloquent performances persists in shouting his music in a manner that must make German tenors envious is a mystery—at least on artistic grounds. Signor Pasero, the latest of Metropolitan basses, was out of his element as the royal father, but Mr. Ludikar did a capital talkie version of the plotting underling, Wurm. Miss Telva struggled against an unbecoming gown and ungrateful music in the truncated rôle of the noble lady who was being wished off on an unwilling tenor. As one might have anticipated,

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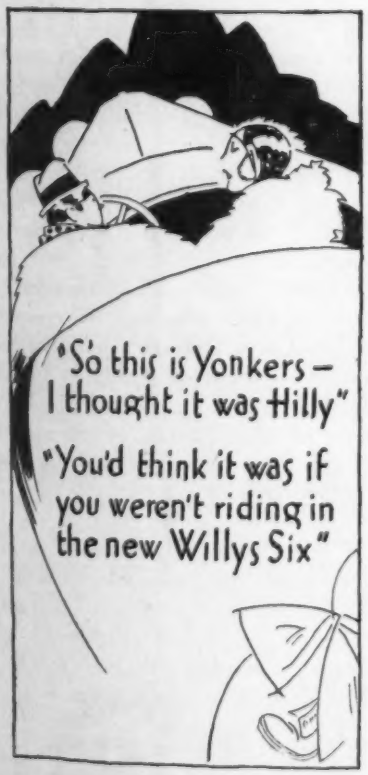

the best singing came from Signor De Luca, who managed his trying aria with effortless grace. I suppose that he will be singing for us without apologies long after most of his bawling contemporaries have become vocal teachers.

The orchestra played with a brilliancy that ought not to be a matter for special comment, and Mr. Serafin succeeded in extracting drama out of an overture that is built around a singularly dumb melody. The Urban scenery was splashily architectural, and the stage business did not get in anybody's way.

AND now that "Luisa Miller," a minor work of the master, has been treated to conscientious handling, how about doing something for the more important Verdian operas that are in the regular repertoire?

THE first really imposing outburst of modern music this season came from the League of Composers, that enterprising organization which makes it possible for us to hear what the boys are composing nowadays. There were two local premières on the program—a Concerto for Organ and Chamber Orchestra by Paul Hindemith, and a Symphony for Chamber Orchestra by Anton von Webern, the latter manifestation having its first and maybe its last hearing anywhere on this occasion.

The Hindemith Concerto, like many of the labors of this composer, was notable for its lack of spontaneity, although there was plenty of well-planned craftsmanship in evidence. Lynwood Farnam, who doesn't look like an apostle of modern music, did wonders with the solo part, and Mr. Smallens, imported from Philadelphia for this event, steered his little band through the tonal complexities with a sure baton. Mr. Smallens also had the dubious honor of conducting the von Webern symphony, which, according to the official guide, is "composed of tonal fractions, 'differentials,' and evolved from the most slender and finely drawn fragments." The squeaks and tootles made even Mr. Smallens laugh—and one might assume that a director who consented to chaperon such business would be more deferential to differentials.

For the rest, there was a serenade for clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, violin, 'cello, and several page-turners, by Casella, a bit of virtuosity long drawn out. Eugene Goossens led his own Concerto for Eighteen Strings, a finely worked out and thoroughly interesting essay in

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tone, and Louis Gruenberg superintended a noisy revival of his "Daniel Jazz" in a new version. Dan Gridley sang the solo brilliantly, and the composition itself held its own as one of the best of jazz exercises.

If you insist on whistleable melody and poundable rhythm, a concert of this order is not music; but it is important because it demonstrates at least some of the idioms which may be commonplaces within a few years. In fact, some of them already *are* commonplaces. —R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

Something and Some Symphonic New Dance Bands *Crooning—*

ALTHOUGH it has been played by august symphony orchestras, Werner Janssen's "New Year's Eve on Broadway" is distinctly an item for the collector of superior popular music, and it is a pleasure to recommend the version recorded for Victor by Nathaniel Shilkret. It takes up three discs, and the spare side is devoted to an amusing incursion into airplanatic music by the maestro himself.

THE vocal records recently released are not too thrilling, but there is good picking among them. Libby Holman, whose wax technique seems to improve with every offering, does a fine double out of "Sweet Adeline"—"Here Am I" and "Why Was I Born?" Her diction is something to study. Brunswick is the sponsor. The ubiquitous Annette Hanshaw now appears on Okeh discs, and her crooning of "If I Can't Have You" is farthest north—or south—for plaintive appeals. On the other side appears "The Right Kind of Man," which, of course, is no trouble for so accomplished a bearer of vocal torches.

THE dance suggestions for the semester have been selected with an ear on some of the orchestras that may not be so familiar. Perhaps you'll find a new pet band in the crop.

GEORGIA PINES and SONG OF THE BAYOU—Marlow Hardy and his Alabamians. An unusually rhythmic aggregation, with a better-than-average vocal trio tossing in words. (*Columbia*)

PERHAPS and TIME WILL TELL—Tom Clines and his Music. Soft, insinuating playing. (*Brunswick*)

LOVE IS A DREAMER (Casa Loma Orchestra) and LADY LUCK (Smith Ballew and his Orchestra). The Casa Loma outfit seems to concentrate on gentle, deep-toned accents. The Ballew band, which usually plays in the under-the-lantern tempo, speeds up for an enlivening version of one of the best of current tunes. (*Okeh*)

LOVE MADE A GYPSY OUT OF ME and TAKE EVERYTHING BUT YOU—Columbia Photo Players. Columbia is the first to create—or name—an orchestra especially for the waxing of theme songs. It's a smart outfit, sounding like Ben Selvin's, with interesting but unobtrusive orchestrations. (*Columbia*)

FEELING THAT WAY and SONG OF THE BLUES—Isham Jones' Orchestra. Time was when Isham Jones was one of the most celebrated recorders, and evidently he is coming back. His new orchestra has a bright tone and sharp rhythms, combined with an effective touch of languor. (*Brunswick*)

MANHATTAN RAG and WHAT WOULDN'T I DO FOR THAT MAN—Frankie Trumbauer and his Orchestra. For fanciers of hot business, musically performed, Trumbauer is one of the most attractive specialists. The "Rag" smokes, and the sob story on the other side is full of latent heat. (*Okeh*)

—POP

•

LULLABY FOR A MOVIE CHILD

Sleep, little movie child,
Mother's own dear,
Microphone's hushed
And sandman is near.
Sleep and forget
Precocity's fate,
To be on the set
At quarter of eight.

Sleep, little movie child,
Calm be your brow,
For Sonny Boy ballads
Won't trouble you now.
Each little dimple
Mother holds dear
(We'll ask for a raise
By the first of the year).

By-lo, my little one,
Mother's delight,
You'll be a star
In your own precious right.
So hush-a-bye, lover,
Sigh not nor weep,
Tomorrow's another day,
Sleep, darling, sleep.

—SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

•

While he prospered as a butcher, he longed for a higher calling, and studied to become a mortician. In this vocation he was even more successful than he had been as a butcher.—*New Jersey paper.*

Yeah, but a fellow must get homesick for the sawdust.

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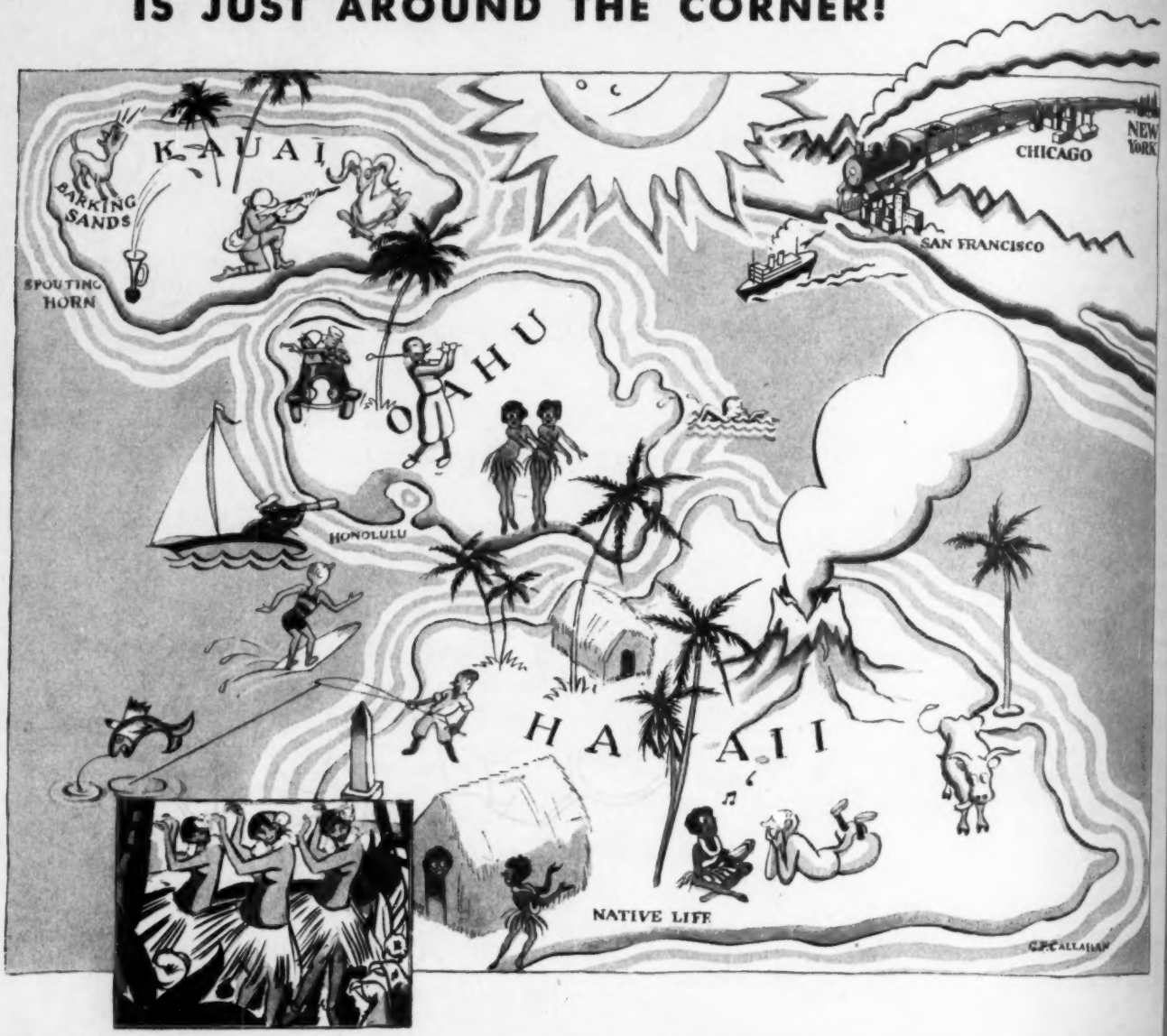

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And the great American inns may well be jealous of your *Royal Hawaiian Hotel* at Waikiki, superb caravansery of God's winged children . . .

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Be ready *Feb. 22.* The *first* boat train leaves *Jan. 21* for the *Malolo's* Jan. 25 sailing. Still time to make *that.* For *either,* get your reservations *now.* Address Hugh H. Gray, General Eastern Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific Lines, 531-535 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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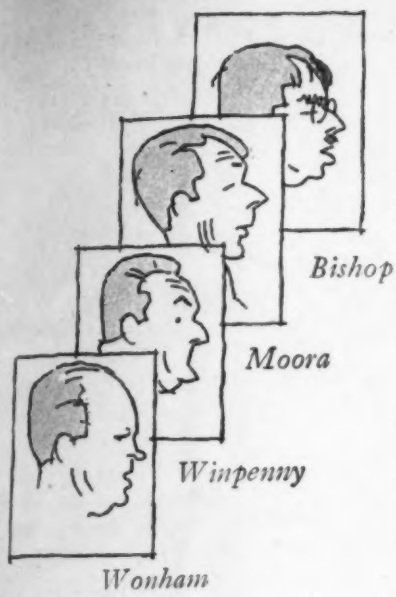
COURT GAMES

Last-Minute Victory — The Market and the Racquet Club—Another Basque



PREVIOUSLY defeated by both Harvard and University, the Racquet Club squash-racquets team ended the year 1929 less disastrously by overcoming the Montclair A. C. to the comparatively merry tune of 4–1. H. N. Rawlins, Jr., was absent, but his place as Number 1 man was successfully filled by W. A. W. Stewart, Jr. Dr. Louis F. Bishop, Jr., captain of the home team, lost the second game of his match with L. S. Moora by one point, but managed to weather the storm —as did also Lansing McVickar and W. S. Wonham. Wonham's victim was E. L. Winpenny of Montclair, who has charge of Class B squash-racquets affairs.

S. W. de Rham, playing second in the Racquet Club lineup, was the only New York player to lose his match. His opponent was the very youthful-looking W. Coyle, Jr., who introduced a note of color by appearing in white duck trousers and a bright blue sweater. Nothing daunted, de Rham won the first game, but after that weakened just enough to let Coyle win the next three by small margins. Coyle played steadily and thoughtfully, refusing to be diverted by his adversary's disconcerting and highly sensible habit of holding his bat in whichever hand happened to be nearer the ball.

ACCORDING to Dr. Bishop, the Racquet Club is taking less interest in squash racquets than ever before, as far as interclub matches are concerned. Plenty of men play, but the best players don't turn up for the games with any regularity. The unsettled condition of the market has something to do with it, but they have never taken their matches as seriously as the other members of the league. They haven't very much school spirit about the whole thing, and, as most of them have country houses, they don't get as much homework done over the week-ends as their rivals do.

Moreover, a lot of them scatter their energies by playing hard racquets and court tennis as well. Just at present they are getting particularly good instruction in the latter, as Pierre Etchebaster, the world's court-tennis champion, is over here for three months and is giving lessons at the Racquet Club. It usually takes five years to learn court tennis; Etchebaster became a master of the game in two. In February, 1928, he defeated Jock Soutar of the Philadelphia Racquet Club, and on his return to Europe won the world championship from G. F. Covey of London. This year, while he is over here, he will give some exhibition matches and will defend his title, if necessary. Walter Kinsella, the Fraternity Club professional, may challenge him for the American title. It was Kinsella who trained Etchebaster for his match with Soutar in 1928.

Etchebaster

ETCHEBASTER, a most lively and likable little Basque, was born in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, near Biarritz. At sixteen he went to Chile in his uncle's cotton busi-

Coyle

de Rham

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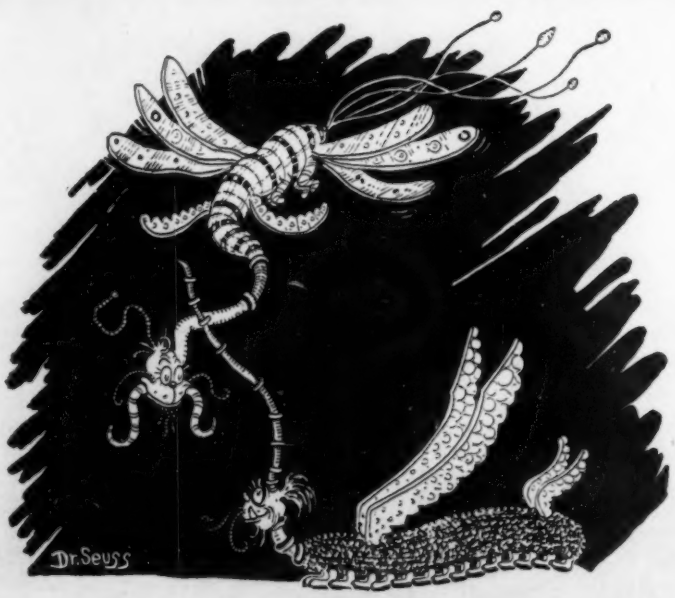

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"An Optimist, Llambert, is an insect who looks for the rainbow when they're spraying him with Flit."

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ness, and as a result speaks perfect Spanish, although his English is limited. Since there are few cars in Chile, he did a lot of horseback riding there, but indulged in no other sport. In 1914 he went to France, and served as a machine-gunner for four years without getting wounded. Business was bad in Chile after the war, so he didn't go back. A friend of his happened to persuade him to take up court tennis. He took to it immediately, and soon became an instructor at the Jeu de Paume in Paris. When he is not teaching the game over there, or at the Racquet Club here, he either plays billiards or takes his wife and little girl out driving in his car. Summers he spends at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, lying on the beach. The first time he went back there after winning the world championship, he was greeted at the station by the entire town, mayor, selectmen, and band. He was wined and dined for weeks.

—G. T. H.

•

SALON

A casement-broken sunlight falls
Across a French and fragile table,
When Mrs. Brock pours fragrant tea
And looks about her, cool and able.
She feels the eyes of hostesses
Who reigned in more enlightened ages—
Mmes. de Staël, de Sévigné,
De Montespan—she knows the pages.
"*Dear* Mr. Jones!" she calls. "Come chat
With Mrs. Blake: she's simply dying
To hear about your book. . . . Miss Marsh,
Are you still doing batik-tying? . . .
Ah, Mr. Miles—come talk to me!
I feel a perfect fascination
In all you politicians' talk!
I find the art of conversation
So lost today, don't you?" . . . She smiles,
Recalling famous ladies' graces;
Her guests, alas, did not prepare,
And sit surprised with frozen faces.

—DEARING WARD

•

At different times in the last eight years the Hoovers have raced their car against various wild animals on the Bowran Lake Road, where game is plentiful. In previous years the best they had been able to get out of a moose was 32 miles. But recently they had an opportunity to try out a pair of moose—a bull and a cow—on a mile and a half stretch of fairly level road, and discovered they could do 35.—*The Telegram.*

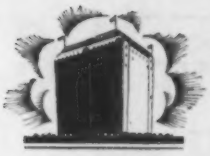
Love is a wonderful thing.

WESTCHESTER SQUEEZE

I AM not in the confidence of the company, and I cannot tell you how the New York Central determined on the width of the seats in its new cars—the ones with a double seat on one side of the aisle and a triple seat on the other side. My impression is that three average-sized employees were asked to sit side by side in a seat with an adjustable arm at one end. After they were seated, nine other employees were instructed to lean against the adjustable arm and push it until it would push no farther. They pushed, and just as the three victims began screaming, the tape-measure was whipped out and the authorized width of the seat decreed. Another inch, and the road would have had to hang shoehorns in the cars.

This is all ancient history now. The new cars have been in operation for something like two years. What interests the philosophical mind at present is the effect of the experiment on the commuting population. I propose in this thesis to discuss this effect under these heads: (a) Moral, (b) Intellectual, (c) Physical and Biological.

THE moral effect, I am sorry to report, appears to be regrettable. In the old days there was a friendly air of bonhomie about the commuters. Men shared their seats cheerfully, and even smiled as they did it. But now all is changed. It has been learned by cruel experience that although a triple seat is a couch of luxury for two, it is a place of torture for three: and thus the third place in the triple seat is always the last to be taken. Let us say that two men seize a triple seat at Scarsdale. The train stops at Crestwood and Tuckahoe, and although a few passengers get on there, our two friends still retain their undisputed possession. But now comes the test. The train reaches Bronxville, the last stop before 125th Street, and four hundred and sixty-two stock brokers sweep in like an onrushing tide. Do our friends welcome them with a shout and yield space to them? On the contrary. They deliberately assume the air of two men holding a seat for a friend; or they swell themselves like pigeons to convey the impression that their obesity would make travelling with them intolerable; or failing even that, they glower. If a Bronxvillite insists on sitting with them, one of them rises punctiliously and offers the middle place; yet this is not gen-



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erosity, it is merely the result of a wicked knowledge that the middle place offers the most complete sense of imprisonment. Gone are the genial courtesies of other days. This is the grim struggle for existence, and it is every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost Bronxvillite.

THE intellectual effect is also regrettable. In the old days we men of Westchester were authorities on current events. City-dwellers whose only chance to read the morning paper was to prop it against the sugar bowl during breakfast, or against a stenographer's back hair on the subway, might not know how things were going with the Chinese revolution or the latest furnace murder, but we had forty minutes for the news, and we could wade through the entire cross-examination of the murderess in small type on page 9. But in our present seats our elbows are pinioned at our sides, we have to fold our papers from top to bottom, and any news which is not on the outside half of any page can be read only by the most determined peeking. Weak human creatures that we are, we succumb to circumstance; we read only the outside half of the paper. And so we go forth to fight the battles of life only half equipped with knowledge.

THE physical results, however, are not so disquieting. The new cars slenderize. Ex-fullbacks who are beginning to put on weight cannot remain long in the New York Central zone; they move to Rye or Greenwich or some other New York, New Haven & Hartford point out of sheer self-pity. A triple seat is no place for an old football man who neglects his exercise. And what is not accomplished by the elimination of the unfit is accomplished by compression and attrition. Friction is wearing us to the bone. Before long I expect that lean, gaunt men will be standard

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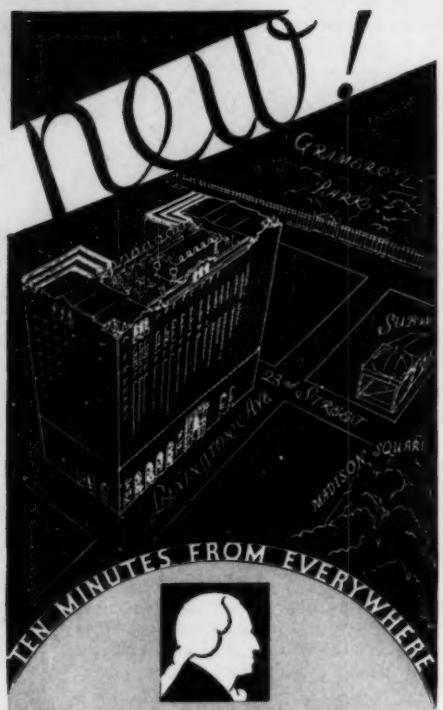

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in Westchester. Modish suitings for men with narrow hips will be called The Scarsdale. Hostesses will point out the human greyhound leaning slenderly against the mantel and whisper admiringly to their guests, "A perfect Westchester type." And while it is perhaps rash to predict the biological result, surely if this goes on long enough and lean men mate with willowy women, the New York Central may be found to have played its part in building a new and still narrower race of Westchesterites.

Indeed, I believe that in its heart of hearts the railroad is working toward just this consummation. The new cars are already full, the suburbs continue to grow, and apparently it is once more the railroad's move; but just suppose that each member of the new race of commuters required only three-quarters of the space required by his father? Can't you see victory just around the corner?

—Frederick Lewis Allen

•

WE STAND CORRECTED

To the Editors of The New Yorker:
Sirs,

YOU have given the Museum of Modern Art generous publicity which we appreciate thoroughly. Errors as to our future plans may, however, be very misleading at this early stage in our career. In your issue of November 30 there were two reports which gave wholly wrong impressions.

I am sure you will be willing to insert the following corrections: No plan has ever been considered to house the Museum of Modern Art in the projected Opera Center. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., did not give $75,000 to the Museum of Modern Art; the amount of the largest single gift was $10,000. No architect (or representative of the architect) for the "Rockefeller development" was present at any meeting held to inaugurate the Museum.

Yours very faithfully,
Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

730 Fifth Avenue,
New York City

•

KINGSTON, N. Y.—Household hint from Kingston housewives. Intervals of traffic signal lights mark the proper period of immersion for soft-boiled eggs.—*Yonkers Herald.*

Aw, give us an old-fashioned kitchen, with wistaria over the door.

but circumstantial evidence is to blame

Because both conversation and reputation seem so much on the side of Steinway there are many people who feel that such a piano must be far beyond their means. In reality, any Steinway may be purchased with a cash deposit of only 10%, and the balance may be extended over a two-year period. Used pianos are always accepted in partial exchange. A Steinway Upright can be bought for $875, and Grands are priced from $1475 up. Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York City.

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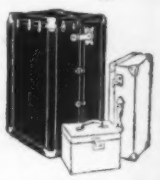

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THE WEATHER

IT had been an awful day. The weather was terrible; it seemed impossible to escape the thought of it. To make it more difficult, I was taking a course on "How to Become a Brilliant Conversationalist." Its first rule was: "In opening a conversation, absolutely avoid the weather as a topic."

Another rule was: "Cultivate the stimulating society of people whose occupations and interests are out of the ordinary." Prompted by a rereading of this, when the day's work was done, I headed for my favorite neighborhood speakeasy, which happens to be around the corner from the Aviators' Club, members of which frequently drop in, thinking that there I might relieve my lowness of body and spirit.

I was delighted to find, alone at a corner table, Bill Lanson, whose recent nonstop flight from Nome, Alaska, to New York in less than twenty-four hours had made him a first-page hero. It was three days later and he was still being mentioned on the inside pages.

He invited me to join him, which I did very gladly. I wanted to hear about his adventure. Here was a man whose occupation and interests were out of the rut of ordinary affairs. His office was the pilot's cockpit of an airplane that spanned a continent, from subarctic Alaska to the airport of a Long Island country club, while the Twentieth Century Limited plodded its way from Chicago to New York.

"WELL," said Lanson, "I took off from Nome against a stiff headwind that let up a little after the first hundred miles. First hundred miles often the hardest, you know.

"By the time I got into the heart of the Canadian Rockies I was riding a tailwind that was giving me better than two hundred an hour. But heading

• •

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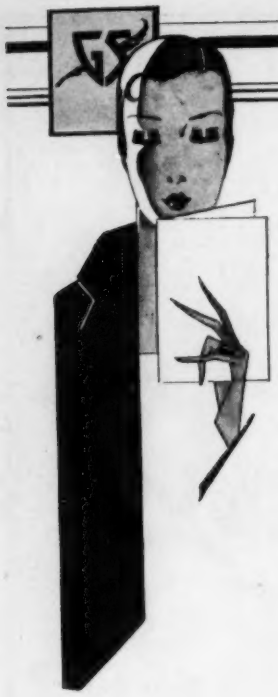

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into a storm area apparently so wide that it might be impossible to fly around it.

"First there was rain, then sleet, and then snow. I had tried to dodge this stuff by detouring southward of it, but it was no go. Tried to climb above it, but it was too thick. Nothing to do but try to plow through.

"Scared stiff, too, for fear the low ceiling would force me down on the rocks. Missed the side of one pass—bouncing almost out of my safety strap—by less than two feet; and I don't mean the feet of a Kansas beauty-contest winner, either.

"Got through, all right; and when I crossed the Canadian border the ceiling was sky-high. Always sure of *some* kind of weather. What's the old saying? 'We must have weather, whether or no.'

"Well, everything was jake across the Middle West, and until I got to the Alleghenies. First a lot of clouds—cirrus, cirro-stratus, cirro-cumulus, alto-cumulus, alto-stratus, nimbus, cumulo-nimbus; in fact, everything in the book. And then I got into a fog-bank that was just plain pea soup.

"Well, as Mark Twain said about the weather, everybody talks about it but nobody does anything. . . ."

—JOHN GOLDSTROM

•

ALL IS NOT LOST!

The strong die young,
The weak survive,
The wicked prosper gaily:
The pure are hung
(Or hanged!) alive,
And cutthroats flourish daily.

The innocent
Are slaughtered, and
Bold murders by a robber
Cause wonderment—
On every hand
Is sentimental slobber.

The rich men bulge,
The poor grow lean
(With banks made safe for sinners),
Young girls indulge
In nicotine,
And lap up Scotch with dinners.

My dreams have died,
Hope lags behind,
Yet—mark this up as thrilling—
My dentist tried,
But could not find
A tooth that needed filling!

—PATIENCE EDEN

RECENT BOOKS

Migration of Aristocracy —A New Abraham— Girls and Crocodiles

MANUEL KOMROFF's novel, "Coronet," is built on a particularly ingratiating idea, the sort of imaginative, symbolic notion that invariably flatters and beguiles the reader. Mr. Komroff's book, which is part fiction and part history, is a story of the migrations of Aristocracy across the map of Europe and finally over the sea to Chicago; and his coronet, of course, is the symbol of this power, this habit of life, this cast of mind. Around the wanderings of the Florentine gold coronet he has written a series of fascinating historical episodes that are all as finely developed and carefully planned as complete novels.

"Coronet" has three points of unusual merit. It has an ingenious theme, handled deftly and not too obviously. It has excellently written and lively narrative; in fact, Mr. Komroff has a neat gift for melodrama. And it has some accurate historical reporting. Whether his scene is Florence of the Renaissance, France during the Napoleonic wars, or the intellectual circles of early Wilhelm Germany, Mr. Komroff has a great knack of catching the color of the thought of the period. Working with a large number of characters in a widely varying scene, he plays agilely and nimbly with a theme that might have become stilted and unwieldy.

The book is essentially a comedy of the passing of time, which lends respectability and dignity to all things. The hog butchers and scavengers, once they become ancestors, take on glamour and nobility. When the weary coronet finally passes into the hands of a Chicago heiress, you feel that the packer of Wild Boar Bacon, whose money has attracted the wayward crown, will become a romantic and impressive person when he too goes down into history. The Chicago millionaire is, when Mr. Komroff has placed him in his niche, not more grotesque than a Russian potentate or a Florentine magnifico. When the coronet snuggles into Mr. Mallet's office safe, after its career of fraud and thievery, it nestles comfort-

for the casual costume . . .

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EDNA FERBER:

Edna Ferber.

And Edna Ferber, who ought to know *something* about the Royal Family, might not agree that Reubenola is *all* there is. Not after sampling Madiola.

ADOLPHE MENJOU:

Adolphe Menjou

Monsieur Menjou no more than put away a steaming dish of our chef's chicken liver en Brochette than he realized that while he may be world arbiter of what the well dressed man will wear, Reuben determines what the well fed man will eat.

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from a sandwich to a National Institution

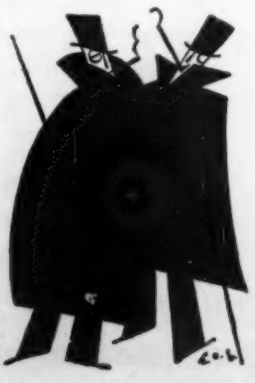
ably among some "dirty papers"—which are bonds.

In a season that has been rather short of first-rate novels of pageantry, "Coronet" is a fine start for the new year.

THERE are two avenues of approach in writing critically about heroes. One is the angle of the schoolboy who has just discovered that George Washington wore false teeth and feels maliciously urged to spread the good news. The other is a conscientious revision and reordering of facts and an honest revaluing of old legends. Raymond Holden's "Abraham Lincoln" has none of your impish tabloid spirit, but it is a sound estimate written with reverence and judgment.

Mr. Holden's theory of Lincoln is: (1) That the man was not born to greatness, equipped with ready-made and divinely sent inspiration, but that his genius was of slow, painful, and sometimes uncertain growth; that he was created by circumstances and events; (2) that in his early career Lincoln heard no voices and saw no visions, and he was no more a Joan of Arc than any other midwestern politician. Working on this very sensible idea, Mr. Holden destroys the conventional hero of the elementary school third grade and reconstructs a much more plausible and far more interesting man. Mr. Holden's book is particularly valuable for its careful account of Lincoln's political activities in the fifties, when he was more concerned with being a good and successful Republican than he was with becoming a national saint.

There is, however, no deep heresy in Mr. Holden's book; his neat compilation of facts is more impressive than the rhapsodies of the orators. On one or two minor points he may annoy the hero-worshippers. But I, for one, was delighted to learn that Lincoln was not one of your avid, uncontrollable readers but that, early in his career, reading was a laborious task and one undertaken not so much from duty as from neces-



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"Joe, my dear, a show with you seems so much more thrilling."

"Oh, I don't. . . ."

"Now halt that blush, old jemmy. It's not your elegant appeal that does it. It's the jaunty seats you always manage to shovel up. If Bob and Wally and the rest would only learn that Bascom address. . . ."

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sity. Also I like Mr. Holden's way of calling him Abraham, a grand and noble name, instead of the formal Lincoln or the terrible nickname "Abe." I think that Mr. Holden has been wonderfully successful in giving the frame-house, dirt-road feeling of the friendly, homely Illinois towns which were always more truly Lincoln's proper background than the alien city of Washington.

IF you simply must have your A. A. Milne, there is a new collection of his essays called "By Way of Introduction." Mr. Milne is amusing when he talks shop—as, for instance, his piece on exits and entrances in plays—but when he writes critically he is a bit waspish. For instance, his skit on George Jean Nathan hardly seemed worth putting in a book. However, I am prejudiced because I can think of fifty local boys who write better light humor than Mr. Milne.

Which brings me to Oliver Herford, whose new book is called "Excuse It, Please." Mr. Herford's whimsy is never unbearable, his rhymes are charming, and his work has the stamp of individuality, which is fine in these days of what might be called community humor. I recommend especially those verses devoted to describing the smiles of animals and, if you'll excuse my pointing, particularly the ones about the crocodile and the goat.

You will find, too, odd and individual pieces in Mr. T. F. Powys' "Fables." This is a collection of modern folk stories told more in the manner of La Fontaine than in that of George Ade. The stories have beauty and imagination, and they reflect the light moods of a mind that is formally, and sometimes too consciously, cultivated.

—A. W. S.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

A Gallery of Women, by Theodore Dreiser (*Liveright*). Profound analysis of the modern feminine soul.

Ancestor Jorico, by William J. Locke (*Dodd, Mead*). Sprightly adventure story about a treasure hunt.

Joe Pete, by Florence E. McClinchey (*Henry Holt*). A thoroughbred Ojibway boy makes the grade.

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). The problem of a young American genius surveyed by one of our best social critics.

Laughing Boy, by Oliver La Farge

Twins

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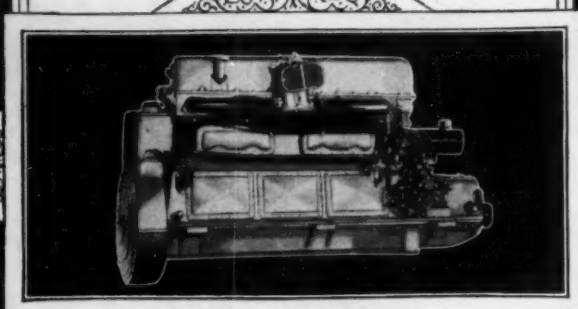

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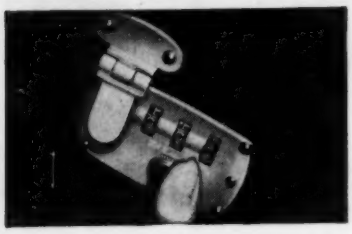

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AMBROSE BIERCE, by Carey McWilliams (*A. & C. Boni*). Sane and sympathetic writing about a man who became a myth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by Raymond Holden (*Minton, Balch*). The character growth

of Lincoln from politician to genius. Good critical analysis.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LADY HAMILTON, by Albert Flament, translated by Louis Arthur Cunningham (*Carrier*). A Frenchman falls in love with Emma and paints an enthusiastic portrait.

MYRON T. HERRICK, by Colonel T. Bentley Mott (*Doubleday, Doran*). Excellent biography of a worthy successor to Benjamin Franklin.

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[*From a movie press sheet*]

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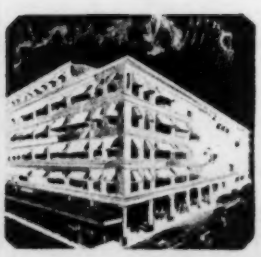

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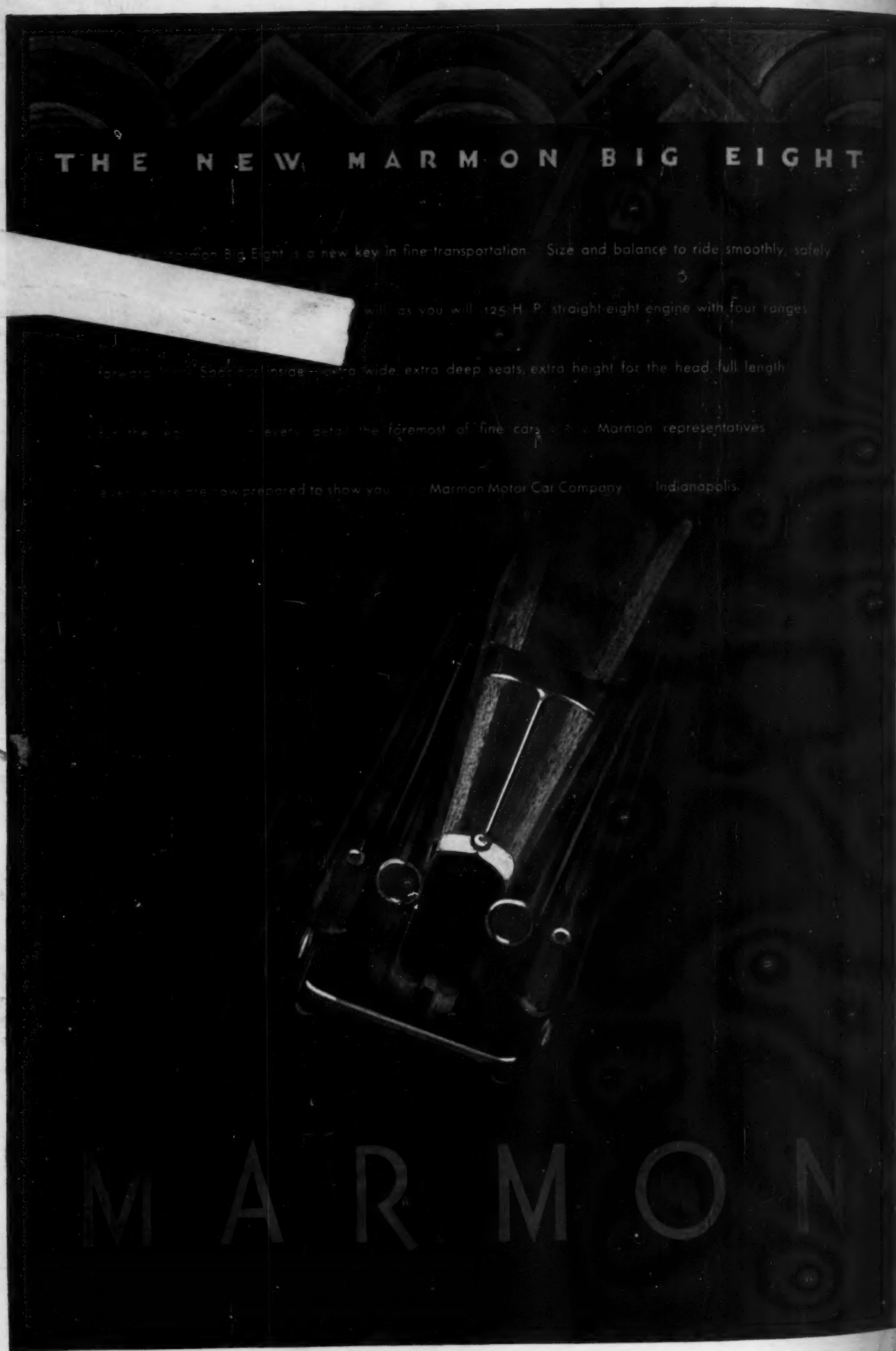
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